A

DICTIONARY

OF

LITERARY

CONVERSATION.

He is by no means to be accounted uſeleſs or idle, who has ſtored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occaſionally to others, who have leſs leiſure, or weaker abilities.

DR. JOHNSON.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS,

FOUNDER OF THE LITERARY FUND

FOR

THE RELIEF OF AUTHORS

IN

DISTRESS:

THE FOLLOWING WORK

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS

A SMALL TRIBUTE

TO

THE GENERAL ESTEEM HE HAS

JUSTLY ACQUIRED,

BY HIS

DISTINGUISHED PHILANTHROPY.

BRITISH MUSEUM
29 NO 83

PREFACE.

POLITICKS having long been the favourite, and almoſt the only topick of converſation with Engliſhmen, and government having thought it expedient, to prohibit that free communication of ſentiment and opinion, in which they have been accuſtomed to indulge in thoſe hours ſet apart for relaxation and amuſement; we have endeavoured, in this volume, to ſupply ſuch ſubjects of enquiry, as may be freely diſcuſſed, without incurring the new and ſevere penalties againſt freedom of ſpeech. For the materials which compoſe it, we have no claim to originality; they are ſelected from the works of others, and the only praiſe we hope for, is that of having choſen judiciouſly.

Should the publick approve of this compilation, it is our intention to proceed to another volume or more, into which will be ſelected the beauties of Poetry, and every intereſting and amuſing fugitive production.

It may be neceſſary to remark, the ſuperiority which this ſelection poſſeſſes to others of a ſimilar nature. Independent of the peculiar elegance of the print and paper, its ſize is more convenient, and it contains as much matter, as an octavo volume at ſeven ſhillings and ſixpence.

We ſhall conclude this ſhort Preface, with reminding our readers of a remark of Dr. Johnſon's: 'He that ſupplies life with innocent amuſement, will be certainly careſſed as a pleaſing companion.'

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A

DICTIONARY, &c.

ABSTRACTION.

THE character of Bruyere's Abſent Man has, from its high colouring, been conſidered by many as fictitious; it was however well known to his cotemporaries to be the Count de Brancas. The following anecdotes of the ſame gentleman, though undoubtedly genuine, and equally extraordinary, were probably not known to Bruyere.

The Count was reading by the fire-ſide, but Heaven knows with what degree of attention, when the nurſe brought him his infant-child. He threw down the book; he took the child in his arms—and was playing with her, when an important viſitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he haſtily flung the ſqualling innocent on the table.

The Count was walking in the ſtreet, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault croſſed the way, to ſpeak to him. 'God bleſs thee, poor man!' exclaimed the Count. Rochefoucault ſmiled, and was beginning to addreſs him—'Is it not enough,' cried the Count, interrupting him, and ſomewhat in a paſſion; 'is it not enough, that I have ſaid, at firſt, I have nothing

for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the ſtreets.' Rochefoucault burſt into a loud laugh; and awakening the Abſent Man from his lethargy, he was not a little ſurpriſed himſelf, that he ſhould take his friend for an importunate mendicant!

Moliere, who was frequently ſubject to this abſtraction of thought, one day, in a hurry to get to the theatre, hired a coach to convey him there; but the carriage not proceeding with the rapidity he wiſhed, he got out, placed himſelf behind, and endeavoured to puſh it forward. Notwithſtanding the loud and general laughter this action excited, he was not conſcious of his folly. On arriving at the theatre, he was covered with mud, and abuſed the coachman for having ſuch a dirty carriage; nor did he know how he had accumulated ſo much filth, until the coachman, after laughing till he was tired, told him.

ADAM.

THE Rabbinical writers, in the plenitude of their ignorance, not content with aſſerting that Adam's *body* was made of the earth of Babylon, his *head* of the Land of Iſrael, his *other members* of the other parts of the world, and even informing us of the different colours of theſe various earths, as thus, *red* for his blood, *black* for his entrails, *white* for his bones and nerves, and *green* for every other part; but they expreſsly mark the twelve hours in which his various parts were formed. His ſtature, they ſay was from one end of the world to the other, and it was for his tranſgreſſion, that the Creator, laying his hand in anger on him, leſſened him, for before (ſays R. Eleazer) with his hand he reached the firmament. R. Jehuda thinks his ſin was hereſy; but R. Iſaac thinks 'it was nouriſhing his foreſkin.'

Such are the reveries of what are falſely termed the 'learned Jews.' The philoſophers of the preſent day, I believe, conſider Adam to have been generated like other men, and though he might have been the founder of a certain nation, he certainly was not the firſt man. Such, however, was the firm and general received opinion of *Adam's* divine origin, that Iſaac de la Peyrere, a native of Bourdeaux, having publiſhed a book, entitled, The Pre-Adamites, in which he combated this opinion, it was burnt by the common hangman, as an heretical publication.

Lorendano, a noble Venetian of the laſt century, went ſo far as to write *The Life of Adam*. This work was tranſlated by Richard Murray, in 1748. It is compoſed with great wit and delicacy. We extract from it his account how the Divine Being occupied himſelf after the firſt ſin of Adam.

'In the mean time, God walked in the garden, amidſt the freſhneſs of the cool zephyrs, when, at the decline of day, they blow with encreaſed force. This action of the Divine Majeſty, ſhows the diſquietude which the ſin of man occaſioned him, ſince, to moderate his juſt indignation, he ſeemed to want the aid of the evening breezes, which blow with a tempering coolneſs.'

On this licentious thought, Bayle obſerves, that a Pagan poet would hardly have been excuſable to have written ſuch a circumſtance relative to Jupiter.

AMERICA.

'It is computed, by able writers,' ſays my Lord Kaimes, 'that the preſent inhabitants of America amount not to a twentieth part of thoſe who exiſted when that continent was diſcovered by Columbus. This decay is aſcribed to the intemperate uſe of *ſpirits*, and to the *ſmall-pox*, both of them introduced

by the Europeans.' He ſeems to have forgotten that they are indebted to *us* alſo for 'the intemperate uſe' of the *ſword*, and the dreadful *bigotry* and *cruelties* practiſed by the religious and avaricious Spaniards, which certainly are not leſs deſtructive than the contagion of the ſmall-pox, or the poiſon of ſpirituous liquors.

Bartholomew Caſa affirms, that the Spaniards, in America, deſtroyed, in about forty-five years, *ten millions* of human ſouls! and this with a view of converting theſe unfortunate men to Chriſtianity. He tells us, that they hanged thoſe unhappy men *thirteen in a row*, in honour of the *thirteen Apoſtles!* And they alſo gave their *infants* to be devoured by their *dogs!*

Corſini tells us, that they deſtroyed above fifteen millions of theſe unhappy men in leſs than fifty years; and gives this curious obſervation, that the blood of theſe devoted victims, added to that of the ſlaves deſtroyed in the mines, where they were compelled to labour, would weigh as much as all the gold and ſilver that had been dug out of them. It is alſo proper to obſerve, that the apology they formed to extenuate this dreadful inhumanity was, that God had not redeemed with his blood the ſouls of the *Indians*, and that therefore there was no difference to be made between them and the loweſt ſpecies of beaſts.

The energetic exertions however of this 'loweſt ſpecies of beaſts,' 'the glorious ſtruggle,' as Mr. Winterbotham (in his preface to his excellent and very valuable Hiſtory of America) remarks, 'which the United States ſuſtained, and the enquiries to which that eventful period gave riſe, did much to raiſe mankind from that abject ſtate of ſlavery and degradation to which deſpotiſm, aided by ſuperſtition, had ſunk them; from that period the rights of man began to be underſtood, and the principles of civil and religious liberty have been canvaſſed with a freedom

before unknown, and their influence has extended itſelf from the palace to the cottage.'

After ſome ſenſible remarks on the French Revolution, Mr. W. adds, 'in the mean time, the United States are profiting by the convulſed ſituation of Europe, and increaſing in a degree hitherto unparalleled in the hiſtory of nations, in population and opulence.'

AMPHIBIOUS.

Of a man of this deſcription, *Padre Feijoo*, gives the following curious account:

'In the month of June, in the year 1674, ſome young men walking upon the ſea-ſide in Bilboa, one of them, named Francis de la Vega, of about fifteen years of age, ſuddenly leaped into the ſea, and diſappeared preſently. His companions, after waiting ſome time, and he not returning, concluded he was drowned. They then made the event public, and ſent an account of it to de la Vega's mother, who lived at Lierganes, a ſmall town in the archbiſhopric of Burgos. At firſt, ſhe did not give credit to his death; but her ſon not appearing at her houſe, nor in the city wherein he lived before his misfortune, her doubts vaniſhed, and ſhe gave him up for loſt.

'About five years afterwards, ſome fiſhermen, in the environs of Cadiz, one day perceived the figure of a man ſometimes ſwimming, and ſometimes plunging under the water. On the next day, they ſaw the ſame, and mentioned it as a very ſingular circumſtance to ſeveral people. They threw their nets, and baiting the ſwimmer with ſome pieces of bread, they at length caught him, and to their aſtoniſhment found him to be a very-well formed man. They put ſeveral queſtions to him in various languages, but he anſwered none. They then had recourſe to another method; they took him to the convent of St. Fran-

cis, where he was exorciſed, thinking he might be poſſeſſed by ſome evil ſpirit. The exorciſm was as uſeleſs as the queſtions had been. At length, after ſome days, he pronounced the word *Lierganès*.

'It ſo happened, that ſome perſon belonging to that town was preſent, when he uttered the name, as alſo the ſecretary of the inquiſition. He wrote to his friends at Lierganès, with a view to obtain ſome particulars relative to this very extraordinary man. He received for anſwer, that a young man of Lierganès had, ſome time ſince, diſappeared on the coaſt of Bilboa, but nothing had been heard of him ſince. It was then determined that this *marine-man* ſhould be ſent to Lierganès; and a Franciſcan friar, who was obliged to go there upon ſome other buſineſs, undertook to conduct him. It was not however done until the following year.

'When they came within a quarter of a league of the town, the friar ordered the young man to go before, and ſhow him the way to his houſe. He made no anſwer, but conducted the Franciſcan to his mother's houſe. She recollected him immediately, and embracing him, cried out, *This is my ſon, that I loſt at Bilboa!* Two of his brothers, who were preſent, alſo knew him immediately, and embraced him with equal tenderneſs. He, however, did not evince the leaſt ſenſibility, or ſeem in the ſmalleſt degree ſurprized. He ſpoke no more at Lierganès than he had done at Cadiz, nor could they draw from him any thing relative to his adventure. He had entirely forgotten his native language, except the words, *pan*, *vino*, *tabaco*, 'bread, wine, tobacco;' and theſe he uttered indiſcriminately, without any application. They aſked him, if he would have either of theſe articles; he could make no reply.

'For ſome days together he would eat large quantities of bread, and for as many days following he would not take the leaſt food of any kind. If they

directed him to do any thing, he would execute the commiſſion very properly, but without ſpeaking a word. He would carry a letter to where it was addreſſed, and bring an anſwer back in writing. They ſent him one day with a letter to St. Ander; to get there, it was neceſſary to croſs the river at Padrenna, which is more than a league wide in that ſpot; and Francis de la Vega not finding a boat in which he could croſs it, threw himſelf in, ſwam over, and delivered the letter as directed.

'This young man was nearly ſix feet in height, well formed, fair ſkin, and red hair, which was as ſhort as a new-born infant's. He always went barefooted, and had ſcarcely any nails either on his hands or feet. He never dreſſed himſelf but when he was told to do it. The ſame with eating; what they offered him, he accepted, but never aſked for any. In this way he remained at his mother's for nine years; he then again diſappeared, and no one could aſſign a reaſon for it.

'It is eaſy to ſuppoſe, that the cauſe which occaſioned his firſt diſappearance, influenced the ſecond.

'It was reported, that an inhabitant of Lierganès, ſome time after, again ſaw Francis de la Vega in ſome port in Aſturias; but this was never confirmed, or even well atteſted.

'When this very ſingular man was firſt taken out of the ſea at Cadiz, it is ſaid that his body was entirely covered with ſcales, but they fell off ſoon after his coming out of the water. They alſo add, that different parts of his body were as hard as ſhagreen.'

To this account, *Padre Feijoo* adds many philoſophical reflections on the exiſtence of this phenomenon, and on the means by which a man may be enabled to live at the bottom of the ſea, &c. He obſerves, that if Francis de la Vega had preſerved his reaſon, and the uſe of ſpeech, he would have

given us more inſtruction and information than all the combined works of the greateſt naturaliſts.

ANTIPATHIES.

We have under this article collected from writers of credit ſome remarkable inſtances of natural antipathies.

A lady, a native of France, would faint on ſeeing boiled lobſters. Some other perſons of the ſame country would experience the ſame inconvenience from the ſmell of roſes, though particularly partial to the odour of jonquils or tuberoſes.

We have read of a gentleman, who would fall into convulſions at the ſight of a carp.

Eraſmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had ſuch an averſion to fiſh, that the ſmell of it gave him a fever.

Ambroſe Paré mentions a gentleman, who never could ſee an eel without fainting.

Joſeph Scaliger, and Peter Abono, never could drink milk.

Cardan was particularly diſguſted at the ſight of eggs.

Uladiſlaus, King of Poland, could not bear to ſee apples.

If an apple was ſhown to Cheſne, ſecretary to Francis I, a prodigious quantity of blood would iſſue from his noſe.

Henry III, of France, could never ſit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomberg, had the ſame kind of antipathy.

A gentleman, in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand, would bleed at the noſe on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the diſtance might be from him.

M. de Lancre, in his *Tableau de l'Inconſtance de toutes Choſes*, gives an account of a very ſenſible man, who was ſo terrified at ſeeing an hedge-hog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by ſuch an animal.

In the ſame book, we find an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouſe, it would ſo terrify him, unleſs he had his ſword in his hand. M. de Lancre ſays he knew him perfectly well.

Mr. Vangheim, a great huntſman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had ſufficient time, would run away, at the ſight of a roaſted pig.

The philoſopher Chryſippus had ever ſuch an averſion to be reverenced, that if any one ſaluted him, he would fall down.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would ſwoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was woollen.

The philoſophical Boyle could not conquer a ſtrong averſion to the ſound of water running through a pipe! La Mothe le Vayer could not ſuffer the ſound of muſical inſtruments, though he experienced a lively pleaſure whenever it thundered. The Turkiſh Spy, who tells us that he would rather encounter a lion in the deſerts of Arabia, provided he had but a ſword in his hand, than feel a ſpider crawling on him in the dark, judiciouſly obſerves, that there is no reaſon to be given for theſe ſecret antipathies, which are diſcovered in many men. He humourouſly attributes them to the doctrine of the tranſmigration of the ſoul, and ſuppoſes himſelf to have been once a *fly*, before he came into his body, and that having been frequently perſecuted with *ſpiders* in that ſtate, he ſtill retained the dread of his old enemy, and which all the circumſtances of his preſent metamorphoſis were not able to efface. In a word, theſe antipathies are ſo far from being uncommon, that

I doubt not but every one can recollect perſons who are ſuſceptible of ſuch affections.

Scaliger tells us of a perſon who ſo much dreaded the ſound of the cymbal, that he could never hear it without an extraordinary propenſity of making water. They made the experiment by a cymbal player, who was concealed under the table, and he had hardly begun to play on his inſtrument, when the gentleman diſcovered his infirmity. This perſon was amongſt thoſe whom Shakſpeare, that great maſter of human nature, deſcribes:

> 'Some men are mad if they behold a cat;
> And others, when the bagpipe ſings i'th'noſe,
> Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
> Maſter of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
> Of what it likes or lothes.'

BALLOONS.

THE invention of theſe air machines is not of ſuch modern date as is generally ſuppoſed.

In Robert Hooke's Philoſophical Collections, 1682, p. 14, will be found, an account of the Sieur Beſnier's mode of *flying in the air*; this, indeed, has been frequently attempted, but never brought to any degree of perfection. The danger is ſo great, that it will be ſufficient to impede every human exertion. Beſnier began firſt by ſpringing from a ſtool, then from the top of a table, next from a pretty high window, then from a window in the ſecond ſtory, and at laſt from a garret, from whence he flew over the houſes of his neighbours.

The ſuceeeding article has a ſtronger claim to our admiration: It is taken from an Italian book called *Prodromo*, by P. Franceſco Lana, of which ſome account is given in the Philoſophical Tranſactions. He calls it, 'A Demonſtration, how it is practically poſ-

ſible to make a Ship, which ſhall be ſuſtained by the Air, and may be moved either by Sails or Oars.'

The author ſays, 'I, whoſe genius hath always prompted me to endeavour to find out difficult inventions, do hope, at length, I have light upon a way of making ſuch an engine as ſhall not only, by it's being lighter than the air, raiſe itſelf in the air, but, together with itſelf, buoy up, and carry into the air, men, or any other weight.' He confirms his ſcheme by experiments and demonſtrations drawn from the eleventh book of Euclid. Our ingenious father, after having concluded his explanations, and felicitated himſelf on his ſucceſs, is terribly alarmed at the dreadful conſequences which may enſue from this diſcovery. No city can be ſecure againſt the attacks of aerial warriors, and nations of barbarians may diſturb, uninjured themſelves, the civilized world. He ſays that *this ſhip* may diſcharge ſoldiers into a city by night unobſerved; deſtroy by artificial fires the ſails and men of other ſhips, while the aerial enemy ſhall be out of the reach of gun-ſhot. Mr. Hooke is however of opinion, that our author need not feel ſuch pious alarms, and attempts to overturn his ſcheme by ſome philoſophical arguments, for which we refer the curious to the original.

What would Hooke have ſaid, had he lived to ſee the ingenious Lana's '*pious alarms*' in ſome degree realized, by our republican neighbours?

But who can attempt to ſay to what perfection human abilities may arrive, when men, aſſerting their natural dignity, burſt the debaſing chains of deſpotiſm, claim their equal rights, and govern themſelves upon the ſacred principles of liberty?

'Oh! liberty, heav'n's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou ſocial ſoul of property,
Thou breath of reaſon, life of life itſelf.'

BEARDS.

Among all nations, beards have at various times been ſubjected to the caprice of faſhion.

The Greeks wore their beards until the reign of Alexander, as likewiſe the Romans until the 454th year of Rome.

It was Scipio Africanus who introduced the cuſtom of ſhaving every day. A number of ſucceeding emperors followed his example; but Adrian reſumed the faſhion of wearing the beard, and his ſucceſſors did the ſame, until Conſtantine. It appeared again in the time of Heraclius; and all the Greek emperors preſerved their beards.

The Goths and the Franks wore but one muſtachio.

Clodion ordered all his ſubjects to ſuffer their beards to grow.

All the ancient philoſophers wore long beards.

The Eaſtern eccleſiaſtics never ſhaved; and, on the contrary, the clergy in the Weſt always did.

There are ſome countries where the beard is conſidered as a mark of grief, while, in others, being ſhaved indicates the ſame.

So ſtrong are the prejudices of cuſtom, that when it was the faſhion for men to wear their beards, a ſmooth chin not only excited the ſtrongeſt ſenſations of diſguſt and averſion in the boſoms of the fair, but gave riſe to one of the moſt horrid and ſanguinary wars that ever ſtained the hiſtoric page.

To obey the injunctions of his biſhops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and ſhaved his beard. Eleanor of Acquitaine, his conſort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herſelf, by becoming ſomething more than a coquette. The King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, Henry II, who ſhortly after aſ-

cended the Engliſh throne. She gave him, for her marriage dower, the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of thoſe wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which coſt the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been ſo raſh as to crop his hair and ſhave his beard, by which he became ſo diſguſtful in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.

BEAUTY.

ARISTOTLE was once aſked, why every perſon was ſo fond of beauty? To which the philoſopher replied, it was a blind man's queſtion.

It is generally conſidered, that beauty conſiſts in the union of colour with a juſt proportion of parts. Some are of opinion, that a beautiful perſon muſt be fair, while others conceive brunettes to be the moſt handſome. The difference of opinions with reſpect to beauty in various countries is principally as to colour and form; and this difference generally ariſes from national cuſtoms.

Among the Chineſe, a handſome man muſt be large and fat, have a high forehead, ſmall inexpreſſive eyes, a ſhort noſe, large ears, a middling ſized mouth, and a long beard, the hairs of which muſt be black. The moſt eſſential point of the women's beauty conſiſts in the ſmallneſs of their feet. As ſoon as a girl is born, ſhe is given up to the care of a nurſe, by whom every precaution is taken, by binding the feet tight, and other tortures, to prevent their growth.

In the province of Cumana, a beautiful woman muſt have thin cheeks, a long viſage, and extremely large thighs; to produce which, the head of the newborn child is preſſed between two pads, and very tight bandages are put above the knees.

The natives of Ladrone Iſlands think no one handſome, who has not black teeth and white hair.

Among the Arabs of the Deſert, the women blacken the edge of their eye-lids with a black powder, and draw a line round the eye with it, to make it appear large. In general, the principal beauty of the Eaſtern women is to have large black eyes.

In Greenland, and in ſome other countries, the women paint their faces blue, and ſome yellow. And in Muſcovy, however fine a woman's complexion may be, ſhe would think herſelf very ugly, if it was not loaded with paint.

In ancient Perſia, the perſon who had an aquiline noſe was deemed worthy of being made their king. In ſome countries, the mother breaks the child's noſe as ſoon as it is born, and in others the head is preſſed between two pieces of wood, that it may be ſquare.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and thoſe of the Indies paint them red. The blackeſt teeth are eſteemed the moſt beautiful in Guzurat, and in ſome parts of America.

The modern Perſians have a ſtrong averſion to red hair: the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of theſe diſguſting locks. The Indian beauty is thickly ſmeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not ſilks, or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dreſs herſelf with enviable ornaments.

In China, ſmall eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be ſmall and long. The Turkiſh women dip a gold bruſh in the tincture of a black drug, which they paſs over their eye-brows. It is too viſible by day, but looks ſhining by night. They tinge their nails with roſe-colour.

An ornament for the noſe appears to us perfectly unneceſſary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwiſe; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thick-

neſs of which is proportioned by the rank of their huſbands. The cuſtom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in ſeveral nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; ſuch as green cryſtal, gold, ſtones, a ſingle and ſometime a great number of gold rings. This is rather troubleſome to them in blowing their noſes; and the fact is, ſome have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very uſeful operation.

The female head-dreſs is carried, in ſome countries, to ſingular extravagance. The Chineſe fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is compoſed of copper or of gold, according to the quality of the perſon: the wings, ſpread out, fall over the front of the head-dreſs, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the noſe; the neck is faſtened to the body of the artificial animal by a ſpring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the ſlighteſt motion.

The extravagance of the Myantſes is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a ſlight board, rather longer than a foot, and about ſix inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and ſeal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very ſtraight; and, the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dreſs entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they paſs an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Duhalde, we muſt join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps, or bonnets, from ſix to ten inches high, compoſed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer greaſe; which, mixing with the hair, faſtens theſe *bonnets* for their lives!

BLUNDERS.

Of the blunders of literary men and painters, we have collected the following anecdotes: We ſhall firſt notice thoſe committed by original writers and tranſlators.

Quintus Curtius, though a poliſhed hiſtorian, has many groſs geographical blunders. He takes Arabia Felix for the deſerts of Arabia, and conveys the rivers Tygris and Euphrates through Media, where they never ran. Bonaventure d'Argonne, gives many other inſtances of the incorrectneſs of this hiſtorian.

Pope, in a note on Meaſure for Meaſure, informs us, the ſtory was taken from Cinthio's Novels, *Dec.* 8, *Nov.* 5. That is, *Decade* 8, *Novel* 5. The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakſpeare (as the author of Canons of Criticiſm obſerves) puts the words in full length, thus, *December* 8, *November* 5.

Every tranſlator of Marmontel's 'Contes Moraux,' has called them 'Moral Tales,' which ſurely was never the author's meaning. 'Moraux' is *there* derived from 'mœurs,' and ſignifies 'faſhionable,' rather than 'moral.'

A late writer has rendered 'Les Veillees du Chateau,' 'Tales of the Caſtle.' Should he not rather have ſaid, 'Rural Evenings' Amuſements?'

Scarron's 'Roman Comique' has been as ill rendered into Engliſh, as far, at leaſt, as the title. Inſtead of '*Comic*,' it ſhould have been tranſlated '*Dramatic* Romance,' which is the idea that the author meant to convey.

Creech, in his verſion of Theocritus, brings the names of 'Tom, Will, Dick,' and of one 'Wolf,' into the ſame Idyll, with Thynicus, Cuniſca, &c. &c.

We read of a French ſtudent, who tranſlating from the New Teſtament, '*Erat homo qui habebat manum aridam*,' rendered it '*Il y eut un homme qui*

avoit une mechante haridelle.' 'That *mechante haridelle*,' ſaid his tutor, 'muſt ſerve to carry you out of the regions of Latin ſcience,' and gave up his charge *.

Ferdinand Fabiani wrote a volume in praiſe of Ciampini, and quoting a French Narrative of Travels in Italy, took for the name of the authour, theſe words, which were at the end of the title page, '*Enrichi de deux Liſtes*;' that is, 'Enriched with two Liſts,' on this he obſerves, 'Mr. Enriched with two Liſts, has done Ciampani the juſtice he merited.'

A French writer, who tranſlated Cibber's play of 'Love's Laſt Shift,' entitled it thus, '*La Derniere Chemiſe de l'Amour.*'

The Abbé de la Fontaine, in tranſlating an Engliſh compoſition of Voltaire's, took the word *cake* for *cacus* the giant.

OF PAINTERS.

In a collection of pictures formerly in poſſeſſion of the late perjured deſpot Louis XVI, there was one celebrated for the excellence of its painting, in which Jeſus is repreſented at table, in the houſe of Emmaus with two of his diſciples; one with a ſlouched hat, with broad brims hanging over his back, and a huge chaplet round his waiſt. The other has a ſcarf, or ſhoulder belt on his coat. They are ſerved by a man who wears a kind of handkerchief, which only covers half his head; his arms naked to the elbows like a cook; his coat open, ſtanding by a page, who has a little hat with a feather in it, and is dreſſed in the Venetian faſhion. The adaptation of this picture, to time and place, every one muſt acknowledge to be improper, though it is the production of an exquiſite artiſt.

* 'Manum aridam' means 'a withered hand,' but may be tranſlated 'a worn out hackney,' to which conſtruction the young gentleman choſe to adhere.

This, we imagine, relates to Titian's admirable picture, in which for the two diſciples he introduced the portraits of Francis I, and Charles V. Theſe monarchs were much diſpleaſed with this compliment, from ſuppoſing, perhaps, they occupied a more dignified ſituation, than that of being a diſciple of the Lord. So inſatiable of praiſe, were theſe

——' paltry idols——
——garniſhed into royalty.'

Paul Mazzochi, ſurnamed Uccello, though a tolerable *painter*, was certainly a very intolerable *natural philoſopher*, for in a piece repreſenting the four elements, wherein fiſhes marked the ſea, moles the earth, and a ſalamander the fire, he wiſhed to have deſignated the air by a *cameleon*, but not knowing how to delineate that ſcarce animal, he contented himſelf from a ſimilitude of ſounds, to introduce a *camel*, who extending his long neck, ſnuffs up the breezes around him.

In a picture, painted by F. Chello della Puera, the Bleſſed Virgin is repreſented ſitting on a velvet ſopha, playing with a cat, and a perroquet, and ready to help herſelf to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

Another, has drawn Joſeph, the huſband of the Bleſſed Virgin, employing his art, as a carpenter, in conſtructing a *confeſſional*.

A late Neapolitan artiſt, has repreſented the holy family, during their Egyptian migration, paſſing the Nile in a barge as richly ornamented as Cleopatra's.

Tintoret arms the Hebrews, while picking manna in the deſert, with modern fire-arms; and to complete the climax, a painter has allowed the good thief a *confeſſor with a crucifix* in his hand.

CALUMNY

Is a vice generally deteſted, and which every one reprehends; but whether ſuch univerſal abhorrence ariſes from actual diſguſt, or from a dread of becoming its object one day or other, we ſhall not now diſcuſs; it is moſt probably the latter.

Paſcal informs us, that the church delayed giving the communion to murderers and calumniators, until the hour of death; the council of Lateran pronounced perſons convicted of calumny (although they may have weaned themſelves of the vice) as unworthy of admiſſion into clerical orders; and the authours of defamatory libels, who cannot prove what they have advanced, are condemnded by Pope Adrian to be whipped; *flagellentur*.

The illuſtrious authour of the Spirit of Laws, obſerves, that among the Romans the law that ſupported the citizens mutually accuſing each other was good, according to the political ſpirit of that republick, where it was every citizen's duty to be watchful of every thing relative to the commonweal. During the reign of the emperors it produced a multitude of calumniators; it was Sylla, according to Monteſquieu, who, in the courſe of his dictatorſhip, taught them by his own example, that ſo execrable a race of men was not to be puniſhed, but rather ſometimes to be recompenſed. Happier, however, muſt be the government in which they are puniſhed.

The Athenians revered calumny, and Apelles painted a picture for that purpoſe, the deſign of which would be alone ſufficient to juſtify the admiration of his age and country for ſuch a monſter. In this excellent piece, Credulity was repreſented with long ears, ſtretching out her hands to Calumny, coming up to meet her. Credulity was accompanied by Ignorance and Suſpicion. Ignorance was repreſented under the figure of a blind woman; and Suſ-

picion was exhibited under the figure of a man agitated by ſecret diſquietude, and tacitly applauding himſelf for ſome diſcovery made.

Calumny, with a ferocious look, occupied the middle of the picture, ſhaking a torch with her left hand, and with her right dragging Innocence by the hair of her head, who, in the form of a child, ſeems mournfully to ſupplicate the interference of heaven in her favour. She was preceded by Envy, who with wan and meagre look, and piercing eyes, was followed by Stratagem and Flattery at a remote diſtance, where objects were as yet diſcernible. Truth was ſeen ſlowly advancing in the footſteps of Calumny, leading Repentance with her in a mourning habit.

What an exertion of genius and ability was this picture!

The Athenians would have done well, had they deſtroyed the ſtatue erected by them to Calumny, and fixed this production of Apelles in its place.

CARDS.

FATHER Meneſtrier in his ingenious work, called, 'The Curious and Inſtructive Library,' informs us, playing cards, were invented in 1392, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI, of France. Would it not have been better he had died without this relief?

The four ſuits are ſuppoſed to repreſent the four orders of the ſtate. *Hearts*, cours, which ſhould be *chœurs*, choirmen, the church; the Spaniards repreſent copes, or chalices inſtead of hearts. *Spades*, in French, piques, pikes; in Spaniſh, ſwords, *ſpada*; the military order or nobility. *Diamonds*, carreaux; on Spaniſh cards, *dineros*, coins; the monied or mercantile part. *Clubs*, trefoil, in French, in Spaniſh, *baſta*; a club or country weapon, the huſbandman or peaſantry.

It has been remarked with ſurprize, that, notwithſtanding the refined taſte of the preſent age, card-players remain ſatisfied with the inſipid figures of the 'ſpotted divinities,' though at very little more expence, they might be impreſſed with pleaſing objects. It ſhould be recollected cards are uſed more for intereſt than amuſement, and therefore whether they are horridly or elegantly painted, is not conſidered of any conſequence.

CHARACTER.

THIS word, in a moral ſenſe, ſignifies an habitual diſpoſition of the ſoul, that inclines to do one thing in preference to another of a contrary nature. Thus a man who *ſeldom* or *never* pardons an injury, is of a revengeful character. Let it be remarked, we ſay, *ſeldom* or *never*, becauſe a character reſults not from a diſpoſition being rigorouſly conſtant at all times, but from its being generally habitual, and that by which the ſoul is moſt frequently ſwayed.

Mr. *Du Clos*, in his reflections upon manners, very judiciouſly remarks, that the greateſt part of the errors and follies in the conduct of mankind happen becauſe they have not their minds in an equilibrium, as it were, with their characters. Thus *Cicero* was a great genius, but a weak ſoul, which is the reaſon of his being elevated to the higheſt pinnacle of fame as an orator, although he never could riſe above mediocrity as a man. Similar obſervations might be made on many other celebrated perſonages.

There is no member of ſociety more dangerous than a man without a character; that is, a perſon whoſe ſoul has not any one diſpoſition more habitual to it than another. We readily confide in a virtuous man, but are diſtruſtful of a villain. The man without character is alternately the one and the other, nor

are we able to determine which: therefore we can look upon him neither as a friend or an enemy. He is a ſort of amphibious being, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, that is, not ſpecifically adapted to live in any one element. This calls to our remembrance that admirable law of *Solon*, that declared all thoſe perſons infamous, who were of no party in times of ſedition; becauſe he knew full well, that there are no objects more to be feared in ſociety than men undetermined from want of character.

CHINESE.

THOUGH the late expenſive embaſſy to China, like various other wild projects of an imbecile miniſter, completely failed in its object (if any definite one it had) it has given riſe to a ſtrong ſpirit of enquiry with reſpect to the Chineſe Empire. To gratify and aid the enquirer in his purſuit, we had collected a variety of particulars, relative to the government, literature, manners, cuſtoms, &c. of China, but as they are more amply detailed in Mr. Winterbotham's late Hiſtory of that Empire, we refer the curious to that volume, and only here notice ſome circumſtances which have eſcaped his attention.

On the day preceding the coronation of their Emperour, it is cuſtomary for all the ſculptors in Pekin, to preſent him with a piece of marble, that he may chuſe which he will have for his monument when dead, as on the day of his coronation they begin to make it.

The ſculptor who preſents the marble which the Emperor chuſes, has the honour (as they conſider it) of making the monument, and the city pays him before it is begun.

This ceremony of preſenting the marble is performed with great pomp, and is conſidered as an

important leſſon both to the Emperour and his ſubjects.

The Chineſe are ſingularly affected in their perſonal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. Theſe are their moſt remarkable poſtures. The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breaſt, and bow their head a little. If they reſpect a perſon, they raiſe their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth, in bending the body. If two perſons meet after a long ſeparation, they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth, and this ceremony they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ here with the ſentiment of Montaigne, and confeſs this ceremony to be ridiculous. It ariſes from their national affectation. They ſubſtitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

Their expreſſions mean as little as their ceremonies. If a Chineſe is aſked how he finds himſelf in health? he anſwers, *Very well*; *thanks to your abundant felicity*. If they would tell a man that he looks well, they ſay, *Proſperity is painted on your face*; or, *Your air announces your happineſs*.

If you render them any ſervice, they ſay, *My thanks ſhould be immortal*. If you praiſe them, they anſwer, *How ſhall I dare to perſuade myſelf of what you ſay of me?* If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, *We have not treated you with ſufficient diſtinction*. The various titles they invent for each other, it would be impoſſible to tranſlate.

It is to be obſerved, that all theſe anſwers are preſcribed by the Chineſe ritual, or Academy of Compliments. There, are determined the number of bows; the expreſſions to be employed; the genuflexions; and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand: the ſalutations of the maſter before the chair where the ſtranger is to be ſeated, for he ſalutes it moſt profoundly, and wipes the duſt

away with the ſkirts of his robe: all theſe and other things are noticed, even to the ſilent geſtures, by which you are entreated to enter the houſe. The lower claſs of people are equally nice in theſe punctilios; and ambaſſadors paſs forty days in practiſing them before they are enabled to appear at court. A tribunal of ceremonies has been erected, and every day very odd decrees are iſſued, to which the Chineſe moſt religiouſly ſubmit.

The Phyſicians of China, by feeling the arms of a ſick man in three places, to obſerve the ſlowneſs, the increaſe, or quickneſs, of the pulſe, can judge of the cauſe, the nature, the danger, and the duration, of his diſorder. Without their patient's ſpeaking, they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once Doctors and Apothecaries, compoſing the remedies they preſcribe. They are paid when they have completed a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. Our Phyſicians, it muſt be confeſſed are by no means ſo ſkilful as the Chineſe: but, in one thing, they have the advantage over them; which is, in taking their fees before they have performed the cure. And it is thus that Phyſicians, with little or no learning, ride in their chariots in London, while in Pekin they are very learned and walk on foot.

At the beginning of the year, the Governor of every city in China, after having obtained proper information, gives a grand entertainment to all thoſe who, during the paſt year, performed ſome virtuous action. This feaſt is given in a tent, on the top of which are written theſe words: '*Men, of all ranks and conditions, it is virtue which places you here, and renders you all equal.*' The people obſerve and cloſely examine all the gueſts, and if they perceive one, who does not merit ſuch a ſituation, they force him by a continued hooting and hiſſing to get up from the table, and quit the tent.

Of the ſuperior excellence of the Chineſe laws, we cannot adduce a ſtronger and more noble example, than that no beggars are ſeen loitering in that country. Every individual is employed, even the blind and the lame. Thoſe incapable of labour, are ſupported at the expence of the nation. Let us hope the time is not far diſtant when, by a reform in our laws, what is done in China may be effected in Great Britain. Then may the ſqualid miſery that now oppreſſes the Engliſh cottager, and daily labourer, whoſe earnings are penury, be changed to frugal comfort, and Plato's fable be realized. Poverty may be embraced by the god of riches; and if ſhe did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, ſhe would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, the ingenious mother of the fine arts, and every ſpecies of manufactory.

CRITICISM.

The origin of this art, is thus ingeniouſly traced by an eminent French writer:

The Art of Criticiſm is by no means a modern invention; but it muſt be confeſſed, that in the laſt age alone it reached it's preſent degree of perfection.

According to Dion Chryſoſtom, *Ariſtotle* is the inventor of Criticiſm; it is, at leaſt, certain that it appeared about his time.

Ariſtarchus, who flouriſhed at Samos, about one hundred and fifty years before the Chriſtian Era, wrote nine books of Corrections of the Iliad and Odyſſey, and ſpread a general alarm amongſt the race of authours; inſomuch that, to the preſent day, a *Critic* and an *Ariſtarchus* are ſynonimous words.

As the Sciences were, for a long time, neglected, Criticiſm ſhared the ſame fate. There were, how-

ever, even in the moſt barbarous ages, a few learned men who cultivated it. At the reſtoration of Letters, Criticiſm, by the efforts of many celebrated ſcholars, ſprung up with new vigour. But two important events contributed equally to the revival of Letters and of Criticiſm: the taking of Conſtantinople, by the Turks, which occaſioned ſeveral of the learned to retire into Italy and France; and the invention of Printing, which was diſcovered about that time.

As ſoon as this admirable Art was made public, they applied themſelves to publiſhing excellent editions of all the good authours, according to the moſt correct manuſcripts. They were indefatigable in their reſearches for the moſt ancient copies, and they collated them with the modern ones, by the ſtricteſt rules of Criticiſm.

Some formed *Dictionaries* and *Grammars* of different languages; and ſome *Commentaries*, for illuſtrating the text. Others compoſed *Treatiſes* on Fabulous Hiſtory, on the Religion, Government, and the Military Operations of the Ancients. They dwelt on the minuteſt particulars which concerned their Manners, their Apparel, their Repaſts, their Amuſements, &c. In a word, they neglected nothing which, after ſo wide an interval, might throw new lights on what remained of the Grecian and the Roman Compoſitions.

The learned of the ſixteenth century, made new efforts, not only to clear the uncultivated lands of the Republick of Letters, which had remained unexplored by their predeceſſors, but alſo to improve thoſe they had inherited. They prided themſelves in the freeſt diſcuſſions; they rummaged every library, to bring to light unnoticed manuſcripts; they compared them together: they arranged thoſe hiſtorical facts which were neceſſary to reſtore the texts, and to fix the dates; and they were careful, above all things, not to

decide on the ſenſe of a paſſage without a mature examination, and a laborious collation.

Yet, after the immenſe labours of Juſtus Lipſius, the Scaligers, Turnebus, Budæus, Eraſmus, and many other learned men, Criticiſm ſtill remained imperfect; and it is only in the laſt age that it attained to the height it now poſſeſſes.

This perfection of Criticiſm is owing to the eſtabliſhment of ACADEMIES, particularly thoſe of the French and the Belles Lettres. In their labours may be found thoſe numerous and judicious remarks, which had eſcaped the penetration of the firſt ſcholars in Europe.

We cannot quit this article, without obſerving, that it is much to the diſhonour of the national character, no Academy, dedicated to the BELLES LETTRES, has ever been eſtabliſhed. To raiſe ſuch an ACADEMY, is a glory reſerved for that happy period, when Engliſhmen ſhall govern themſelves.

Louis XIV will have all his foibles forgiven by poſterity, when they contemplate the munificent patronage he beſtowed on Men of Letters. The ſplendors of Royalty, and the trophies of Ambition, may elevate the voice of Adulation; but they expire with the Hero and the Monarch. The beneficial influence of Literature is felt through ſucceſſive ages; and they, indeed, are the Benefactors of mankind, who beſtow on poſterity their moſt refined pleaſures, and their moſt uſeful ſpeculations.

Voltaire, indeed, confeſſes, that the great characters of the Literary Republick were formed without the aid of Academies. For what then, he aſks, are they neceſſary?—To preſerve and nouriſh, he ſays, the fire which great geniuſes have kindled.

DEATH-WATCHES.

The diſmal tinkling ſounds of theſe inſects, ſo terrific to the ſuperſtitious and ignorant, ariſes, ſays Mr. Derham, from their ſtriking their foreheads againſt the place they lodge in, which is either in, or near paper, and is nothing more than an amorous notice to each other, or when they eat, and not a portent of death; yet our poet *Gay* ſurely ſo conſidered it, when he ſaid,

'The ſolemn *death-watch* click'd the hour ſhe died.'

DESCARTES.

When this philoſopher reſided in Holland, he, with much labour and induſtry, conſtructed a female Automaton, to prove demonſtratively that beaſts have no ſouls, and are but machines nicely compoſed, which move when another body ſtrikes them, and communicates to them a portion of their motions. Having put this ſingular machine into a caſe on board a veſſel, the Dutch captain, who ſometimes heard it move, had the curioſity to open the box. Aſtoniſhed to ſee a little human form extremely animated, yet, when touched, appearing to be nothing but wood; little verſed in ſcience, but greatly addicted to ſuperſtition, he took the ingenious production of the philoſopher for a little devil, and terminated Deſcartes's experiment, by throwing his wooden daughter into the ſea.

From an anonymous French writer we extract the following anecdote: of its authenticity we are doubtful; however, if it is true, it proves this illuſtrious philoſopher's ſingular opinions on animal vitality were not confined to beaſts.

Sir Kenelm Digby, having read the works of Deſ-

cartes, reſolved to go Holland for the purpoſe of ſeeing him. He found Deſcartes in his ſolitude at Egmond, where he converſed with him, without making himſelf known. Deſcartes, who had read ſome of his works, ſaid, 'I have not the leaſt doubt, but you are Digby, the celebrated Engliſh philoſopher;' to which Sir Kenelm replied, 'Was you not, Sir, the illuſtrious Deſcartes, I ſhould not have come from England for the ſole purpoſe of ſeeing you.'

Theſe compliments over, they converſed on various ſubjects, and Digby told Deſcartes, that he would do much better to ſtudy for the diſcovery of ſome means to prolong life, than attach himſelf to the ſimple ſpeculations of philoſophy. Deſcartes aſſured him, that he had long reflected on the ſubject; and to render man immortal, was more than he dared promiſe, but he was certain that he had the power of rendering life as long as thoſe of the patriarchs.

It was well known in Holland, that Deſcartes flattered himſelf he had made this diſcovery; and the abbé Picot, his diſciple, confident of his being in poſſeſſion of ſuch powers, would not believe the news of his death; and when he could no longer doubt it, he exclaimed, *C'en eſt fait, la fin du genre humain va venir.*

The patriotick Thomas Holcroft, it is ſaid, indulges in a ſimilar reverie.

DISPUTATION.

If people were always careful, ſays Fontenelle, to aſcertain the truth of an event before they diſputed on its cauſe, they would eſcape the ridicule that naturally attaches to the diſcovery of a cauſe for what never exiſted. In ſupport of this obſervation, he gives the following anecdote:

'In the year 1593, it was reported, that a child

ſeven years old, in Sileſia, had loſt all its teeth, and that a gold tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one. In 1595, Horſtius, profeſſor of medicine in the univerſity of Helmſtadt, wrote the hiſtory of this tooth. He ſaid, it was partly a natural event, and partly miraculous, and that the Almighty had ſent it to this child, to conſole the Chriſtians for their perſecution by the Turks.

'In the ſame year, that this golden tooth might not want hiſtorians, Rullandus wrote an account of it.

'Two years afterwards, Ingoſteterus, another learned man, wrote againſt the opinion which Rullandus had given on this tooth of gold; and Rullandus immediately replied in a moſt elegant and erudite diſſertation.

'Libavius, a very learned man, compiled all that had been ſaid relative to this tooth, and ſubjoined his remarks upon it. There was nothing wanted to recommend theſe learned works, but that the tooth ſhould really have been gold.

'On its being examined by a goldſmith, he found it was nothing but a gold leaf applied to the tooth with great art; but they firſt wrote their books, and then conſulted the goldſmith.'

In the eleventh century, the diſputative enquiries of the learned were employed on the following ſubjects:

Of the ſubſtantial Form of Sounds.—Of the Eſſence of Univerſals.

The following queſtion was a favourite topic; and, after having been diſcuſſed by thouſands of the acuteſt logicians, through the courſe of a whole century,

'With all the raſh dexterity of wit,'

remained unreſolved—'When a hog is carried to market, with a rope tied about it's neck, which is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the *rope*, or by the *man*?'

Menage ſays, that ſcholaſtic queſtions were called *Queſtiones Quodlibeticæ*, and they were generally ſo ridiculous, that we have retained the word *Quodlibet*, in our vernacular language, to expreſs ſomething ridiculouſly ſubtile.

EATING.

Furetiere, in the *Fureteriana*, ſays, he ſaw a man eat a loin of veal, a capon, and two woodcocks, with a large quantity of bread.

This incident, however, is not without example, if we are to believe ſome hiſtorians.

Aglais, a dancer, who lived two hundred years before the birth of Chriſt, would eat for her ſupper ten pounds of meat, with twelve loaves, and drink a large quantity of wine.

Clio, another Grecian woman, challenged the men to eat and drink, and was never conquered.

Theodoret gives an account of a Syrian woman, who ate thirty pullets every day, but was never ſatisfied. This however was an infirmity, of which *Macedonius* cured her, by making her drink the *holy water !!*

Phagon, in preſence of the Emperor *Aurelian*, ate a whole wild boar, a ſheep, a young pig, with a hundred loaves, and drank in proportion.

The Emperor *Claudius Albinus* ate one day, for breakfaſt, five hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, one hundred fig-peckers, forty oyſters, and a large quantity of grapes.

The Emperor *Maximian* became ſo large, in conſequence of eating, that his wife's bracelets ſerved him as rings to his fingers.

However remarkable theſe eaters may appear, they are nothing to equal the Emperor *Vitellius*. All the roads in Italy, and the two ſeas, were covered with people (ſays our authour) to procure the moſt exqui-

site meats, and the scarcest fish for his table. He made four principal meals every day, and sometimes five. He was so little master of his hunger, that during the sacrifices he was often seen to snatch the animals' entrails from the fire half-baked, and devour them in presence of the assembly. He invited himself to his friends' houses, and made them treat him so sumptuously, that he nearly ruined them. His brother *Lucius Vitellius* once treated him with two thousand fishes, and seven thousand birds, all exquisite and scarce. He had always in his house, a quantity of pheasants' livers, tongues of fishes, peacocks' brains, the entrails of lampreys, and every kind of fishes and birds at a high price. *Josephus* says, that had this prince lived long, all the revenues of the empire would not have been sufficient to maintain his table.

We shall conclude with the following advice to hearty eaters, as given in Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis:* 'STRIDOR DENTIUM—ALTER SILENTIUM—RUMOR GENTIUM.' Which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, has been humourously Englished thus. '*Work for the jaws—A silent pause—Frequent ha-has.*' An attention to this, he observes, 'adjourns discourse until the belly be full, at which time men are at better leisure, and may securely venture upon table-talk, the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape.'

ERRATA.

INDEPENDENT of the errours, *or errata*, which may occur in printing a work, there are others designedly committed, that the *errata* may contain those words, or expressions, which could not safely be introduced into the body of the work.

Menage informs us, that wherever the Inquisition

has any power, and particularly at Rome, it is not allowed to employ the word *fatum*, or *fata*, in any book.

An authour, desirous of using the latter word, ingeniously devised this scheme: he had printed in his book *facta*; and, in the *errata*, he put, for *facta*, read *fata*.

Scarron has done nearly the same thing, but on another occasion. He had composed some verses, at the head of which he placed this dedication—*A Guillemette, Chienne de ma Sœur*; but, having a quarrel with his sister, he maliciously put into the *errata*, instead of *Chienne de ma Sœur*, read *ma Chienne de Sœur*.

Lully, at the close of a bad prologue, said, the word *fin du prologue* was an *erratum*, it should have been *si du prologue*.

In a book, there was printed *le docte Morel*. A wag put into the *errata*, for *le docte Morel*, read *le docteur Morel*.

When a fanatic published a mystical work, full of unintelligible raptures, and which he entitled, *Les Delices de l'Esprit*, a wit said, he should print in his *errata*, *for Delices*, read *Delires*.

In the year 1561, there was printed a work, entitled, The Anatomy of the Mass. It is a thin octavo, of 172 pages, and it is accompanied by an *errata* of 15 pages! The editor, a pious monk, informs us, that a very serious reason induced him to undertake this task: for it is, says he, to forestal the *artifices of Satan*. He supposes that the Devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the first, before it was printed, by drenching the manuscript in a kennel, and thus having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered it in several parts illegible: the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders; never yet equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to re-peruse the work, and to form this singular list of the blun-

ders of the printers, who were under the influence of the devil. All this he relates in an advertiſement prefixed to the *errata*.

FANATICISM.

The groſs and vulgar abſurdities of modern Fanaticiſm are well known; its eloquence is, however, comparatively elegant to the barbarous rhapſodies of ſome fanatical declaimers of the laſt century, both in England and abroad. For ſpecimens of the language employed by the Puritans of this country in their religious treatiſes and ſermons, we refer the curious reader to a work entitled, '*Grounds and Occaſions of the Contempt of the Clergy.*'

From a variety of foreign publications on religion, we have ſelected the following paſſages:

In a volume of ſermons, printed in the year 1625, at Lyons, entitled, *Sermones dominicales dormi ſecurè vulgo nuncupati*, there is the following ſingular diſcourſe:

'In the fingers there are all the virtues of a good man—the thumb and its two joints indicate the juſtneſs of the man towards God and his neighbour. The fore-finger is a mark of prudence, which employed itſelf in the paſt, acts for the preſent, and will in future. The middle finger is a ſign of ſtrength, and indicates that it is directed to reſiſting the devil, and all worldly and carnal temptations. The ring-finger ſignifies love; it has a vein which goes to the heart, and its joints mark the objects of his love—God and his ſoul. The little finger is the mark of obedience, and the joints ſhow the objects—ſuperiours, equals, and inferiours.'

In a breviary, printed by order of *Pius* V, at Antwerp, in 1677, there is rhapſody.

'The holy brother Philip Nerio, deeply affected by zeal towards the Supreme Being, lived in a perpetual langour, and his heart burnt with ſuch ardour,

that when it could not be contained within its common bounds, the Creator moſt wonderfully enlarged its ſphere of action, by breaking and raiſing up two of his ribs. Sometimes, when performing his holy duties, or fervently praying, he was viſibly lifted from the ground, and appeared to ſhine with a wondrous brightneſs. The poor and the needy, he relieved with univerſal charity. He was even thought worthy of beſtowing alms on an angel, who condeſcended to receive them in the figure of an indigent perſon; and once, when, carrying proviſions to the poor, he had ſtumbled into a pitfall, he was delivered ſafe from danger by the interpoſition of that heavenly being. Humble in his nature, he ever avoided honours, and with conſtancy refuſed the firſt eccleſiaſtick dignities, which were, unſolicitedly, preſſed upon him.'

A French preacher, named *Gautier*, in one of his ſermons, wherein he endeavours to perſuade the women to deſpiſe the attractions of this world, and to turn their thoughts to the kingdom of heaven, ſays, 'then your head-dreſs will be the ſun, and the moon your ſhoes and ſtockings.'

In another he exclaims, 'Lord! cleanſe thou my lips with the napkin of thy love!'

Cotin, another French preacher, ſpeaking of the natural inclination of mankind being more for the commiſſion of evil than good, compares them to ſwine, who, if they ſee a fine clear rivulet of water on one ſide, and a muddy ſtream on the other, will by choice wallow in the mire.

In a ſermon on the crucifixion of Chriſt, we meet with this ſentence—'that the holy Jeſus, who ſweated blood from every pore in the garden of olives, could not weep otherwiſe, *God being all eye*.'

Another ſpiritual orator informs us, that Jeſus was ſilent in the preſence of Herod, for the lamb always loſes its voice when it ſees the wolf.

The reaſon of his being naked on the croſs, was, becauſe he fell into the hands of thieves.

And in order to reprobate the vanity of pompous funerals, he would have no lights at his burial but thoſe of heaven; that he was interred in a ſtone ſepulchre, to ſhow his followers, although dead, he hated the ſoftneſs of luxury.

Rigordus, an hiſtorian of the thirteenth century, aſſerts in a work entitled, *Geſta Phillipi Auguſti*, that *before* the true Croſs fell into the hands of the Infidels, all children uſed to have thirty or thirty-two teeth, but that *ſince* that fatal epoch, none can boaſt of more than twenty-three.

In *De Thou*, we find this tale, which though apparently trivial, is ſtrongly characteriſtick of the manners of the age:

'In 1540, the parliament of Provence denounced a moſt cruel ſentence againſt the Vandois of the Valley of Merindol, which conſigned them all to deſtruction, on account of their hereſy. Their utter ruin was, however, delayed, by a very ſingular circumſtance. An innumerable army of rats had, about that time, laid waſte the country. All *human* means had been uſed in vain, to deſtroy them; and it was therefore thought neceſſary to try the force of *ſpiritual* cenſure. Every form was now obſerved. A complaint was brought againſt the rats; they were cited to the Biſhop's court; and, on their non-appearance, ſentence was on the point of paſſing againſt them, for default and contempt. But, as in all ages there have been found Lawyers, who, either to ſhow their abilities, or fill their purſes, will not ſcruple to eſpouſe the wrong ſide, an advocate ſtarted up in favour of the oppreſſed, who repreſented, "that the poor calumniated vermin could not appear with any degree of ſecurity at the court, according to the ſummons, ſince their ſteps were watched by their enemies the Cats, and no ſafeguard was appointed to conduct

them to the preſence of their judges." This ſingular plea is ſaid to have had its effect, and to have prevented thoſe anathemas which would otherwiſe have been fulminated againſt the Rats. Nay, it is affirmed, that one of the Judges, ſtruck with the ſimilarity of caſe between them and the Heretics of Merindol, uſed his influence, with ſucceſs, to have the execution of the ſentence againſt the poor Vaudois, alſo, delayed. The reſpite was, however, only temporary; and perſecution, ſtimulated by bigotry, in a ſhort time depopulated a whole country, with ſuch circumſtances of helliſh barbarity, that they have been held up by every hiſtorian to public deteſtation.'

FESTIVALS.

In the Abbé de Velly's, Hiſtory of France, we meet the following deſcription of two feſtivals: the one called the FEAST OF FOOLS, the other the FEAST OF ASSES. It offers a correct idea of the ſuperſtitious devotion of that era (the thirteenth century).

In every principal church throughout the kingdom of France, the FEAST OF FOOLS was celebrated.

'The prieſts and clerks aſſembled, elected a pope, an archbiſhop or a biſhop, conducted them in great pomp to the church, which they entered dancing, maſked, and dreſſed in the apparel of women, animals, and Merry Andrews; ſang infamous ſongs, converted the altar into a beaufet, where they ate and drank during the celebration of the holy myſteries: played with dice; burned, inſtead of incenſe, the leather of their old ſandals; ran about, and leaped from ſeat to ſeat in the holy place, with all the indecent poſtures with which the Merry Andrews know how to amuſe the populace.'

It ſhould be remarked this feſtival was obſerved until the reformation.

The FEAST OF ASSES was celebrated at Beauvais, it was equally extravagant with the other. It did not exiſt ſo long.

They choſe a young woman, the handſomeſt in the town; made her ride on an aſs richly harnaſſed, and placed in her arms a pretty infant. In this ſtate, followed by the biſhop and clergy, ſhe marched in proceſſion from the cathedral to the church of St. Stephen's; entered into the ſanctuary; placed herſelf near the altar, and the maſs began; whatever the choir ſung was terminated by this charming burthen, *Hinham, hinham!* Their proſe, half Latin and half French, explained the fine qualities of the animal. Every ſtrophe finiſhed by this delightful invitation:

Hez, ſire Ane, ça chantez
Belle bouche rechignez,
Vous aurés du foin aſſez
Et de l'avoine à plantez.

They at length exhorted him, in making a devout genuflection, to forget his ancient food, for the purpoſe of repeating without ceaſing, *Amen, Amen.* The prieſt, inſtead of *Ite miſſa eſt*, ſung three times, *Hinham, hinham, hinham!* and the people three times anſwered, *Hinham, hinham, hinham!*

Can the philoſophick Deiſt, or deluded Atheiſt, ſuggeſt a ſtronger ſatire on the ceremonies of falſe religion, than its partizans have done, and when men can ſo degrade themſelves as to obſerve ſuch feſtivals, ſurely they are appropriately deſignated by calling them, thoſe of, *fools and aſſes.*

FIGURES.

VARIOUS have been the opinions of the origin of the numeral figures 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9; but the one

moſt generally received is, that they were brought into Europe from Spain; that the Spaniards received them from the Moors, the Moors from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Indians.

It does not, however, ſeem probable, ſays Biſhop Huet, that the Arabians received them from the Indians, but on the contrary that the Indians obtained them from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Grecians; from whom, in fact, they acquired a knowledge of every ſcience they poſſeſſed. The ſhape of the figures they received underwent a great alteration, inſomuch, that without very great attention, we were ſcarcely able to diſcover the leaſt veſtige of their origin; but if we examine them, diveſted of prejudice, we ſhall find very manifeſt traces of the Grecian figures, which were nothing more than the letters of their alphabet.

A ſmall comma, or dot, was their mark for units.

The letter β (b) if its two extremities are eraſed, produces the figure 2.

If we form the letter γ (g) with more inclination to the left than uſual, ſhorten the foot, and give ſome rotundity to the left horns near the left ſide, we ſhall make the figure 3.

The letter Δ (D) is the figure 4, as we ſhould find on giving the left leg a perpendicular form, and lengthening it below the baſe, which alſo ſhould be enlarged towards the left.

From the ε (e ſhort) is formed the 5, by only bringing towards the right ſide, the demicircle which is beneath inclining to the left.

From the figure 5 they made the 6, by leaving out the foot, and rounding the body.

Of the Z (Z) they made the 7, by leaving out the baſe.

If we turn the four corners of the H (e long) towards the inſide, we ſhall make the figure 8.

The ϑ (th) was the figure 9 without any alteration.

The *nought* was only a point which they added to their figures, to make them ten times more; it was neceſſary that this point ſhould be made very diſtinctly, to which end they formed it like a circle, and filled it up; this method we have neglected.

Theophanus, the Eaſtern Chronologiſt, ſays in expreſs terms, that the Arabians had retained the Grecian numbers, not having ſufficient characters in their own language to mark them.

Menage, ſays they were firſt employed in Europe, in 1240, in the Alphonſian Tables, made under the direction of Alphonſo, ſon to King Ferdinand of Caſtile, by Iſaac Hazan, a Jew of Toledo, and Abel Ragel, an Arabian. Dr. Wallis, conceives they were generally uſed in England about the year 1130.

We find in the Indexes of ſome old French books, theſe figures called *Arabick cyphers*, to diſtinguiſh them from *Roman numerals*.

FRIENDSHIP.

MENAGE mentions that when Marigny contracted a friendſhip with him, he told him he was *upon his nail*. It was a method he had of ſpeaking of all his friends; he alſo uſed it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus: '*Oh! illuſtrious of my nail.*'

When Marigny ſaid to any one, *you are upon my nail*, he meant two things—one, that the perſon was always preſent, nothing being more eaſy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were ſo ſcarce, that even he who had the moſt, might write their names on his nail.

FRUIT.

WRITERS have differed in their opinions on what ſpecies of fruit it was that Adam, by the perſuaſion of his wife, ate in Paradiſe. Some ſay it was an apple. Others, who are fond of ſweet fruits, aſſert it was a fig; while others, partial to acids, contend it was a citron. Rabbi Solomon is of opinion, that Moſes concealed the real name of the fruit, fearful it would be deteſted by all the world, and that no one would ever taſte of it.

With that ſubmiſſive deference due to the *profound wiſdom* of the Rabbins, we humbly differ from this learned Iſraelite; as it appears to us, that if the fruit was known, more would be eaten of it than any other.

GAMING.

PLATO being informed that one of his diſciples was fond of gaming, reprimanded him for it. The diſciple excuſed himſelf by ſaying he only played for a trifle. 'But,' ſaid Plato, 'do you reckon for nothing, the habit of gaming, which playing for a trifle will make you contract?'

Lichtwehr, the German fabuliſt, has the following apologue: A man who had rambled about the world for ſome time, at length returned to his native country. His friends flocked to ſee him; every one expreſſed their joy at his return, and each was deſirous that he ſhould recount to them ſome of his adventures. The budget of miracles was preſently opened. Among many other things he ſaid, "You well know, my friends, the prodigious diſtance from this country to that inhabited by the Hurons: well, two hundred leagues beyond that, I ſaw a ſpecies of men who appeared very ſingular to me.

'They would often ſit round a table until the night was far advanced, though there was no cloth laid, or any thing for them to eat. Thunder might roll over their heads, two armies might fight at their ſides, the heavens might menace ruin, without making them quit their places, or giving them the leaſt diſturbance; they appeared to be deaf and dumb. From time to time you might hear them utter ſome badly articulated ſounds; theſe ſounds had no connection with what they were about, nor were their ſignification of much conſequence, notwithſtanding they turned their eyes to ſome part of the company in a moſt ſtrange manner. I often obſerved them with admiration, for they are generally ſurrounded by ſpectators, who ſeem to be attracted from a motive of curioſity; and believe me, my friends, I ſhall never forget the troubled countenances which I have ſeen on theſe occaſions. Deſpair, rage, ſometimes a malignant joy, blended with inquietude, were by turns depicted. Sometimes it was the rage of the Eumenides; then the ſerious and ſullen air of the infernal judges; and then the pangs of a malefactor going to receive his puniſhment.'

'But,' ſaid our traveller's friends, 'what had theſe unhappy creatures in view? Were they labouring for the publick good?'—'Oh! no.' 'Were they ſearching for the philoſopher's ſtone?'—'It was not that.' 'It was the quadrature of the circle, then?'—'Still leſs.' 'Ah! we have it; they were performing penance for their crimes.'—'You are miſtaken again.' 'Why then you have been telling us of madmen. Without hearing, ſpeaking, or feeling, what could they be doing?'—'*They were gaming.*'

The Rev. Mr. Moore in his late work on Suicide, Duelling, and Gaming, obſerves, p. 300, vol. ii. 'Some ſeem deſirous of aſcribing this gambling paſſion to the effects of climate; but without ſhow of reaſon; ſince it is found to exiſt alike among the natives of

the frigid and torrid zones, and to be no leſs prevalent in the tracts of mildneſs and temperature.'

In ſupport of this obſervation, Mr. M. has collected a variety of curious and intereſting facts. They are too long for the limits of this volume, or we ſhould have availed ourſelves of them, for the information and amuſement of our readers.

GLASS.

PLINY informs us, the art of making glaſs was diſcovered by the following circumſtance. As ſome merchants were carrying nitre, they ſtopt near a river iſſuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding ſtones to reſt their kettles on, they employed ſome pieces of their nitre for that purpoſe. The fire gradually diſſolving the nitre, it mixed with the ſand, and a tranſparent matter flowed, which in fact, was nothing elſe than GLASS.

It is certain we are indebted to chance, more than genius, for many of the moſt valuable diſcoveries.

GOUT.

THE conteſt among medical men for the moſt proper mode of curing this complaint cannot but produce a ſmile from the reſt of mankind, when we find that the afflicted have recourſe to ſuch various and oppoſite remedies with ſucceſs.

We have heard of a man who would find his pains alleviated by drinking a wine-glaſs-full of verjuice, while a table-ſpoonful of wine would torture him almoſt to diſtraction.

There were two counſellors, ſome years ago, who generally cured themſelves in a very pleaſant manner; one, who was accuſtomed to drink water conſtantly,

would cure himſelf by drinking wine; and the other, who invariably took his bottle, or more, a-day, was conſtantly cured by the uſe of water.

Others, by living on a milk diet only, have entirely cured themſelves.

Some years ago there was a man in Italy who was particularly ſucceſsful in the cure of the gout:—his mode was to make his patients ſweat profuſely, by obliging them to go up and down ſtairs, though with much pain to themſelves.

A gentleman of ſome rank at this day thinks he preſerves himſelf from this diſeaſe by eating garlick every morning. It is to be obſerved, that this gentleman has never had the gout, but only imagines that he ſhall have it; and, therefore uſes it by way of preventive; many medical men are of opinion that it is highly efficacious.

A quack in France, ſome years ſince, acquired great reputation for the cure of this malady, by the uſe of a medicine he called '*tincture of the moon*,' of which he adminiſtered ſome drops every morning in a baſon of broth; but it was never adopted by any but the very richeſt, for the price of a bottle full, not bigger than a common ſized ſmelling bottle, was eighty louis d'ors.

Furetiere makes mention of this quack, and ſays he poſſeſſed many valuable ſecrets, and the ſurprizing cures to which he was witneſs by '*the tincture of the moon*' aſtoniſhed all the faculty at Paris. The operation of this medecine was inſenſible.

GREENLAND.

The natives of Greenland are not unacquainted with different ſorts of poetry, but ſatire is their principal ſtudy. An invidious, malicious ſong, replete with the ſharpeſt terms, is, according to them, the

maſter-piece of human wit. The author of libels of this nature, inſtead of chuſing to conceal himſelf, ſteps boldly into public view, ſings his ſtanzas in the preſence of him whom they are meant to ſatyrize, and cuſtom demands that his antagoniſt ſhould anſwer upon the ſpot. It is an altercation, upon which theſe people pique themſelves.

A Greenlander, when he is offended, challenges his opponent to meet him ſuch a day, in ſuch a place, where he intends to *ſing* againſt him; if the other fails to anſwer, he loſes his reputation; though it ſometimes happens that a noted victor keeps the ſtage to himſelf, and will not find any one daring enough to contend with him.—Thus do we ſee, that there are poltroons in poetry, as well as in battle.

The two adverſaries being met in public, and the people gathered round him, the aggreſſor riſes, and approaching his enemy with his drum in his hand, begins to ſing. The latter alſo riſes at the ſame time, liſtens attentively till the other has finiſhed; then in a ſong anſwers his raillery, and ridicules him as much as poſſible. When he has done, the other replies; and thus a poetical altercation is continued, till one of them being exhauſted, quits the field, and the other is declared conqueror.

Their ſongs are rather proſaic than poetical, having neither cadence nor rhyme, and yet leſs reaſon. However, that the Greenlanders have an idea of cadence and rhyme, may be perceived by the following fragment of a Greenland ſong, written in the year 1729, on the anniverſary of King Chriſtian IV, then prince royal. Every verſe finiſhes with theſe words:—*Amna, aja aja; aja aja; aja aja: hei—*

Kongingoromomet, amna, aja, &c.
He will be king
Anguneogtokkopet, amna, aja, &c.
After the death of his father:

Tipeitſokigogut, amna, aja, &c.
We rejoice as yet,
Attatit aſſeigalliarpatit, amna, aja, &c.
Becauſe that we love him like his father,
Pelleſſilie tamaunga inekaukit, amna, aja, &c.
Who ſent us prieſts,
Gudimik ajoſiarſokullugit, amna, aja, &c.
To inſtruct us concerning God,
Torngarſungmut makko innuille pekenagit, amna, aja, &c.
So that we might not be delivered over to the devils.

GUILLOTINE.

THIS machine, by which Louis XVI ſuffered death, for his perjuries and criminal conduct towards a brave, magnanimous, and enlightened nation, was firſt introduced in France, by citizen Guillotine, a phyſician, and a member of the National Aſſembly in 1791, and is called by his name. In England, it is termed 'a maiden.'

It was formerly uſed in the limits of the foreſt of Hardwicke, in Yorkſhire, and the executions were generally at Halifax. Twenty-five criminals ſuffered by it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the records before that time were loſt. Twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650, after which it is ſuppoſed the privilege was no more reſpected. That machine is now deſtroyed; but there is one of the ſame kind in the Parliament-Houſe at Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton ſuffered.

Prints of machines of this kind are to be met with in many old books in various languages, even ſo early as 1510, but without any deſcriptions. One of them is repreſented in Holinſhed's Chronicles. That of Halifax may be ſeen in the borders of the old maps of Yorkſhire, particularly thoſe of Mole in 1720.

Guillotines are at preſent made uſe of for executions throughout all France, and criminals are there put to death in no other manner.

HEALTH.

It is an errour, ſays a lively French writer, to ſuppoſe that ſtudy is prejudicial to the health. We ſee as many ſtudious old men as there are in any other occupation. Hiſtory will afford us a number of examples. In fact, a life ſo uniformly regular and quiet, cannot hurt a good conſtitution, but renders it leſs liable to be affected by thoſe cauſes which produce diſeaſe; provided that a natural heat is kept up by moderate exerciſe, and the ſtomach not loaded with a quantity of food diſproportioned to what is abſolutely required in a ſedentary life.

HERALDRY.

From the preſent improved ſtate of political knowledge, it is probable the ſcience of Heraldry may ſoon be as *uſeleſs* as it is *vain*. However, for the gratification of its votaries we have collected the following ſpecimens of *heraldick* ingenuity:

Arthur Kelton, a miſerable verſifier, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Sixth, publiſhed, at the end of his Chronicle, a Genealogy of Brutes, in which the pedigree of our young monarch is lineally drawn through thirty-two generations, from *Oſiris, the firſt King of Egypt!* Wood reproaches our authour for his ignorance; but, as Warton obſerves, 'in an heraldick enquiry, ſo difficult and ſo new, many miſtakes are pardonable.'

In a book publiſhed in 1604, James the Firſt has his genealogy derived from *Noah*. And William Slater more elaborately draws it from *Adam*.

In a ſcarce treatiſe in quarto, entitled 'The Blazon of Gentrie,' there is this paſſage, p. 97.

'Chriſt was a gentleman, as to his fleſh, by the part of his mother (as I have read) and might, if he

had eſteemed of the vayne glorye of this worlde (whereof he often ſayde his kingdom was not) have borne coat-armour. The apoſtles alſo, (as my authour telleth me) were gentleman of bloud, and manye of them deſcended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Machabeus, but through the tract of time, and perſecution of wars, poverty oppreſſed the kindred, and they were conſtrayned to ſervile workes.'

Thoſe who are proud of anceſtral honours would perhaps do better not to trace their deſcent too far, leſt they ſhould find the poets obſervation true' :

Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

'The firſt of all thine anceſtors of yore,
Was but a ſhepherd, or——I ſay no more.'

HISTORY.

HISTORY, ſays a French writer, ſhould be written by philoſophers only. The philoſopher muſt not, like Titus Livius, detain his readers, with a detail of prodigies; nor, like Tacitus, always impute ſecret crimes to princes. It is ſufficient to relate their publick ones.

The philoſopher will not, like Suetonius, collect popular reports: he will not ſay, that Tiberius could ſee at night as clear as in the day; he will doubt, that an infirm prince, of ſeventy-two years of age, retired to Capri, for the ſole purpoſe of indulging himſelf in the moſt monſtrous debaucheries, unknown even to the moſt diſſolute youth of that time, and which required new expreſſions to deſcribe them.

The philoſopher is of no country, nor is he of any faction.

To conſtitute a good hiſtorian, obſerves Le Clerc, (who was much eſteemed as a journaliſt at the pe-

riod in which he lived) four principal things are requiſite. The firſt is, he muſt be well inſtructed in what he undertakes to relate. Secondly, he muſt have the power of ſpeaking unreſervedly what he thinks to be true. Thirdly, he muſt be able to relate what he knows; and, fourthly, he muſt be capable of judging of the events, and of thoſe who occaſion them. If we reflect on the ability of the hiſtorian in theſe four points, we may be enabled to judge if a hiſtory is well or ill written; without them, nothing conſiderable is to be expected.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy, above all other paſſions, is the moſt violent, and productive of the moſt horrid effects; for, like a monſter, not appeaſed with the deſtruction of it's enemies, it frequently plunges a dagger in the breaſt of the deareſt object of it's love. Of the baleful effects of this ungovernable paſſion, we have collected a few inſtances from writers of credit.

The marquis of Aſtorgas, of the family of Oſorio, indulged himſelf in an illicit intercourſe with a moſt beautiful young woman. His wife, on being informed of this intrigue, went immediately to the houſe where her huſband's miſtreſs lived, and murdered her in the moſt cruel manner. She tore her heart from her boſom, and took it home, ordered it to be haſhed, and ſerved up to her huſband for dinner.

After he had eaten of it, ſhe aſked him if it was good; and on his anſwering yes, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not in the leaſt ſurprized, for it was the heart of his miſtreſs, whom he ſo dearly loved. At the ſame time, ſhe drew from a cupboard, the bleeding head of his murdered favourite, and rolled it on the table, at which this unhappy lover was ſitting with ſeveral of his friends.

His wife immediately departed, and took refuge in a convent, where ſhe ſoon afterwards went mad from rage and jealouſy.

A lady having obtained an audience of John III, king of Portugal, ſhe addreſſed him thus:—'Would your Majeſty have forgiven my huſband, if he had ſurprized and killed me in the act of adultery?' On the king's anſwering, that he certainly ſhould in ſuch a caſe; ſhe ſaid, 'Then all is right, Sir; for knowing well that my huſband was with another woman at one of my country-houſes, I went there, accompanied with two ſlaves, to whom I promiſed their liberty, if they would aſſiſt me in my enterprize; and breaking open the door, I caught them in an improper ſituation, and ſtabbed them both to the heart. Thus did I murder them. And now, Sir, I demand the pardon you would not have refuſed to my huſband, if I had been guilty of a ſimilar crime.'

The king, aſtoniſhed at her reſolution, immediately pardoned her.

A Portugueze gentleman, reſident at Goa, ſleeping with his wife at his ſide, dreamt that ſhe had granted the laſt favour to her lover. As ſoon as he awaked, full of rage and jealouſy, he ſtrangled her whilſt ſhe was yet aſleep.

An inhabitant of Gubio, in the duchy of Urbino, in Italy, ſuſpecting the fidelity of his wife, he, in a fit of jealouſy, in order to find out whether his ſuſpicion was true, did what the eccleſiaſtick hiſtory informs us Origen did from devotion.

INSENSIBILITY.

Frederic Morel was tranſlating Libanius, when ſome one came and told him, that his wife, who had been languiſhing ſome time, was very ill, and wiſhed to ſpeak with him. 'I have only,' ſaid he, 'two

periods to tranſlate, and I will then come to ſee her.' A ſecond meſſenger informed him, that ſhe was on the point of death. 'I have not more than two words to finiſh,' ſaid Morel; 'return to her; I ſhall be there as ſoon as you.' A moment after, another meſſage brought an account of her death. 'I am very ſorry,' ſaid he; 'ſhe was a very good woman.' He continued his tranſlation.

A gentleman was waked in the middle of the night, for the purpoſe of being informed that his father was dead; he turned again to ſleep, ſaying, '*Oh! how I ſhall be grieved in the morning, when I awake again.*'

INSTRUMENTS.

In this age, when the uſe of hygrometers, barometers, thermometers, &c. are ſo well underſtood, why ſhould not the learned apply themſelves to the diſcovery of an inſtrument which was not unknown to the ancients? By it's aid a judgment could be formed of the probable recovery or death of a perſon afflicted with diſeaſe. Peter Lambecius mentions having ſeen one.

It is probable, the whole ſecret of this inſtrument was in it's determining the quality of the air in which ſick perſons were laid; and, as it is ſuppoſed, with much appearance of certainty, that there is about the loadſtone an atmoſphere of magnetick matter, which is always in motion, and by which we account for the viſible effect produced, we may equally ſuppoſe that ſick people, who perſpire much, are ſurrounded by a corrupt atmoſphere, by the motion of which we might judge of its good or bad quality, and conſequently, of the ſtate of the ſick.

JURIES, *PETIT.*

As we are indebted to an ingenious friend for this article, we ſhall give it in his own words.

It may not be unacceptable to the curious to know the moſt probable reaſon why this great palladium of our liberty is, in point of the number that conſtitutes a jury, compoſed of Twelve.

As this form of trial was firſt eſtabliſhed in England by the Saxons, who doubtleſs had it from their anceſtors, the great veneration at that period in which remote inſtitutions were held, muſt tend ſatisfactorily to ſhow how ſacred the number Twelve was regarded on the ſcroll of antiquity.

The zodiack, from the earlieſt period, was divided into *twelve* parts or ſigns, and hence the *twelve* months of the year.

There were *twelve dii majores,* or principal gods of the Heathens.

Twelve tribes of Iſrael.

Twelve Apoſtles.

The Grecians held the number in the utmoſt veneration, as did alſo the Egyptians at a more early period, who both thought it contained ſomething myſtical, as afterwards did the Romans, and it was held in like manner by all the Northern nations in Europe.

From theſe cauſes, therefore, a ſtrong preſumption ariſes, that a preference had been originally given to that number in the formation of ſo important a concern as Trial by Jury: and the more eſpecially as popular prejudices were ſo much in favour of it to any other *number* whatever.

KINGS.

FROM 'exiſting circumſtances,' to uſe a *heaven-born* miniſter's phraſe, we are compelled to preſent the following anecdotes without comment;

From a volume, entitled, 'ANECDOTES ANGLOISES, *depuis l'Etabliſſement de la Monarchie juſqu'à* GEORGE III, *aujourd'hui regnant*,' we extract this:

CHARLES II, once in converſation with one of his favourites, named Temple, aſked him, which he thought the beſt mode a king could purſue to maintain his authority againſt the parliament. Temple's reply was, that he had heard *Gourville*, an intelligent Frenchman, once ſay, 'A King of England, who is the man of his people, is the greateſt king in the world; but if he endeavours to be more, by God! he will be nothing.' The king, ſays our authour, ſtruck by this remark, ſeized his favourite's hand, ſaying, 'I will then be the man of my people.'

The uncommon method which Guſtavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, employed to obtain the friendſhip of Banier, ſo celebrated for his attachment to this prince, and diſtinguiſhed for the many victorious battles he fought, deſerves to be recorded. Perhaps there never was a king who adopted ſuch means to get a friend.

Guſtavus's father, Charles X, whoſe reign was marked with cruelty, killed Banier's father. One day, when Guſtavus was hunting with the young Banier, he requeſted him to quit the chaſe, and ride with him into a wood. When they came into a thick part of it, the king alighted from his horſe, and ſaid to Banier, '*My father was the death of your's. If you wiſh to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately; if not, be my friend for ever.*' Banier, overcome by his feelings, and aſtoniſhed at ſuch magnanimity, threw himſelf at Guſtavus's feet, and ſwore eternal friendſhip for him.

In the Criticon of Gracian, there is this ſingular anecdote:

A great Poliſh monarch having quitted his com-

panions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, diſguiſed as a porter, and lending out the uſe of his ſhoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much ſurprized, as they were doubtful whether the *porter* could be his *majeſty*. At length, they ventured to expreſs their complaints, that ſo great a perſonage ſhould debaſe himſelf by ſo vile an employ. His majeſty heard, and anſwered them — 'Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you ſee me carry here: the weightieſt is but a ſtraw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have ſlept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myſelf. Elect whom you chuſe. For me, who am ſo well, it were madneſs to return to *court*.'—Another Poliſh king, who ſucceeded this philoſophick *monarch* and *porter*, when they placed the ſceptre in his hand, exclaimed—'I had rather manage an *oar*.'

An anonymous writer preſents us with an inſtance of a king (as he expreſſes it) reigning longer than he lived. And, however impoſſible, he adds, it may appear, it may with truth be ſaid of Schabur, called by the Greeks *Sapor*, and by others *Savor*. He ſtyled himſelf Schabur, king of kings, the confident of the ſtars, the brother of the ſun and moon.

His father died at the age of ſeventy, leaving the queen pregnant; and as the Perſians would not have any other ſovereign but this child, of whatever ſex it might it, they ſolemnly tied the crown to the queen's belly, who ſome time after was delivered of a ſon. Thus Schabur, proclaimed king of Perſia before his birth, reigned longer than he lived, for it cannot with propriety be ſaid that a child lives till after it is born.

LADIES, *BRITISH.*

MENAGE ſays—' Mr. D. tells me, that, in England, the *publick places* are crowded with the daughters and the wives of the clergy. The reaſon is, that the *livings* there, being very fat ones, all the Engliſh Ladies who are fond of their eaſe and good living, and who are more partial to the preſent hour than to the future, are in raptures to marry a Parſon; who, on his ſide, never fails, according to the character of a good Eccleſiaſtick, of ſelecting the moſt beautiful. After his death, mother and daughters find themſelves probably in the greateſt diſtreſs; and as they are in general very *handſome*, they put into practice all their ſmiles and all their graces; and, for this reaſon, chuſe the publick reſorts of Faſhion where they may attract notice. We Catholicks ſhould be grateful to the Council of Trent, that prohibited our Eccleſiaſticks from marriage, and thus obviated the inconveniences which ſuch marriages produce.'

We muſt requeſt our readers to recollect, the above ſtrictures were written near a century back.

LITERATURE.

MANY perſons have often expreſſed aſtoniſhment at there being ſo ſmall a number of learned men; when, in fact, we ſhould be ſurprized there are ſo many, if we conſidered all the concurring circumſtances requiſite to conſtitute a man of real learning.

Might we hazard an opinion, we ſhould ſay, knowledge is more frequently acquired by chance than by premeditation or deſign. By this aſſertion, however, we would not be thought to countenance ignorance, or favour the decay into which letters has fallen: but, on the contrary, the advantages of real knowledge are ſo great, that in ſhowing the difficulty of gaining

the ſummit of this rugged mountain, we ſhould hope to ſtimulate and encourage thoſe who may be frightened at the labour, inſtead of repulſing or inducing them to relax in their activity and induſtry, by magnifying thoſe obſtacles which muſt be overcome.

To form a learned man, natural talents are the firſt requiſite; next, ſolid ſenſe, an acute mind, and a faithful memory; ſound health, and a vigorous conſtitution; an equanimity of temper; perſeverance to ſtand the teſt of years; an inſatiable deſire for information, and an invincible attachment to ſtudy: but even all theſe advantages are uſeleſs, if fortune has been ſparing of her favours.

A man born in ſervitude, or poverty, who wants the neceſſaries of life, is forced to think of the means to acquire them, in preference to every other thought. He muſt direct his attention to common life before ſtudy, and think of the means to live inſtead of thoſe to obtain fame.

Beſides, we are born ſubject to the will of our parents; they diſpoſe of us according to their intereſt or views, without knowing or examining our talents. In all the diſpoſals which parents make of their children, we never find one who brings them up to the profeſſion of letters: they give them the general education for common life, but not to make them men of learning.

In addition to the requiſites already enumerated, it is neceſſary to poſſeſs courage, in order to reſiſt thoſe incidents in life, which interrupt the ſweetneſs of ſtudy; ſuch as taxes, war, ſickneſs, law-ſuits, loſſes, perſecutions of the envious, and the inconvenience of bad neighbours. Studious men, from their pacifick temper and retired life, are affected more than others by theſe occurrences. But the man who is poſſeſſed of all theſe qualifications, and dedicates his life to letters, without ſeeking any recompence but what the ſtudy of them actually affords, will, from the

lofty heights of true knowledge, look down with compaſſion on the reſt of the world, and deſpiſe the errors and vain employments of the vulgar. This is the dignified pleaſure which men of real learning obtain by ſtudy.

They who ſuppoſe it will confer riches, are deceived; genius ſeldom enjoys the favours of fortune, the profits of authours do not keep pace with their reputation. Melancholy is the catalogue of men of letters who have pined in miſery, and ſunk under the preſſure of indigence. Painful reflection!

The philanthropick George Dyer, in his 'Diſſertation on the Theory and Practice of Benevolence,' has treated this ſubject with energy and feeling, and to which we refer the reader. We cannot, however, reſiſt extracting the following animated apoſtrophe:

'Oh! Genius, art thou to be envied or pitied? Doomed to form expectations the moſt ſanguine, and to meet with diſappointments the moſt mortifying! To indulge towards others the moſt generous wiſhes, to receive thyſelf the moſt illiberal treatment! To be applauded, admired, and neglected! To be a friend to all, befriended often by none! Oh! thou creative, diſcriminating power, ſource of inexpreſſible delights, and nurſe of unknown ſenſibilities, that perpetuate diſtreſs, Fancy ſhall embody thy form; and often viſit the grave of Chatterton, to drop the tear of ſympathy over that ingenious, unfriended, unfortunate youth.'

To the honour of literature in this country, a SOCIETY TO SUPPORT AUTHOURS IN DISTRESS has been inſtituted within theſe two years. Many ingenious, unfortunate men, have received timely aſſiſtance from it: may its influence extend!

LOGICK.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very valuable uſe of ſyllogiſtick reaſoning, when properly employed, it has often been uſed to prove the worſt doctrines, good; and the groſſeſt falſehoods, truths. This pair of anecdotes may ſerve as ludicrous ſpecimens of logical perverſion:

Granger, who was a remarkable ugly man, contended, that he was the handſomeſt thing in the world. He proved it thus:

'The handſomeſt part of the world,' ſaid he, 'is Europe; of Europe, France; of France, Paris; of Paris, the univerſity; of the univerſity, the college of ——; in the college of ——, the moſt handſome chamber is mine; in my chamber, I am the handſomeſt thing—*ergo*, I am the handſomeſt thing in the world.'

The other ſpecimen is of a man, who ſaid, he would prove a ſcolloped oyſter to be better than heaven; which he attempted by this curious ſyllogiſm:

'A ſcolloped oyſter is better than nothing; and nothing is better than heaven—*ergo*, a ſcolloped oyſter is better than heaven.'

MECHANISM.

IN the *Fureteriana*, we find an account of one *Thonier*, who contrived a chair in the form of a balcony, which he placed by the window, and it was ſo conſtructed, that it roſe or ſunk with amazing velocity by the aid of a counterpoiſe. Thonier, who was an invalid, was unable to attend his friends to the ſtreet door; he, therefore, invented this machine, by which, to the great aſtoniſhment of his viſitants,

while they were deſcending the ſtairs, he was already at the door.

Paul Colendes ſays, he ſaw a goldſmith at Moulins, who faſtened a live flea to a chain of gold, conſiſting of fifty rings, the whole of which did not weigh three grains.

The ingenious M. Vaucanſon conſtructed a human figure, which played on the German flute; and a ſimilar image that played on the pipe and tabour. His moſt wonderful production, however, was an artificial duck, which he deſcribes in a letter to the Abbé de Fontaines, thus:

'The duck ſtretches out it's neck, to take corn from the hand; ſhe ſwallows it, digeſts it, and diſcharges it digeſted by the uſual paſſage. The duck drinks, plays in the water with her bill, picks her feathers, and quaakes like a living one.' In a pamphlet, tranſlated by J. T. Deſaguliers, 1742, there is an ample account of theſe miracles of art. They were exhibited in the Hay-market in the ſame year.

Faba, an Italian prieſt, conſtructed a coach of the ſize of a grain of wheat, with a coachman, horſes, and a man and a woman ſeated inſide. Another artiſt conſtructed a chariot of ivory, which a fly could cover with its wings; alſo a ſhip of ivory, with its proper rigging.

At Paris, in 1775, one James Drotz, a Swiſs, exhibited a moſt ſurprizing piece of mechaniſm. It was a figure of a child, of about two years old, ſeated on a ſtool before a deſk, and writing on paper.

The child dipped his pen, ſhaked the ink, and wrote whatever the ſpectator dictated. It placed properly the initials and capital letters; left a proper interval between the lines, and, in a word, wrote with beauty and correctneſs, and kept its eyes fixed on the paper. When the work was finiſhed, he brought it to the ingenious artiſt, and laid it beſide him.

MEMORY.

To poſſeſs a good memory, is a moſt deſirable qualification, and ſo eſſentially requiſite is it to learning, that 'he who is not poſſeſſed of it,' ſays Plato, 'has no diſpoſition for philoſophy.' Pliny called it, 'the greateſt gift of nature.' Cicero, 'the treaſure of all the ſciences.' And Montaigne, 'the caſe of knowledge.'

There is an ancient proverb, which runs thus—'great memory, little judgment.' On what ground this proverb took riſe, we think it difficult to determine. It is ſaid, that perſons having a good memory, only load it with a quantity of facts, brilliant expreſſions, and agreeable ſentiments, which they collect from whatever they read or hear, and which are very frequently contrary to each other. It is this that hinders them from cultivating their reaſon, and gives them a diſtaſte for reflection. Without memory, however, judgment is uſeleſs; ignorance, and want of memory, ſeem nearly the ſame thing. Farther, to prove the fallacy of this proverb, we will enumerate ſome inſtances of extraordinary memory in perſons, whoſe judgment was by no means defective:

Such were the retentive powers, ſays M. Thomas, of the great Dagueſſeau, chancellor of France, that it was only neceſſary for him to read once attentively any poem of tolerable length, to recite it correctly.

It was in this manner he poſſeſſed moſt of the Greek poetry. At the age of eighty, a man of letters having quoted an epigram of Martial incorrectly, he immediately recited the whole; avowing he had not read this authour ſince the age of twelve years. Sometimes he even retained what had been only read to him. Boileau one day recited a Satire he had juſt compoſed. Dagueſſeau told him, coldly, that he knew the piece perfectly well; and to convince him of it, repeated it entire. The ſatiriſt, as may be ſup-

poſed, was furiouſly agitated; but finiſhed, however, in admiring the felicity of his memory.

To prove the tenaciouſneſs of his memory, it is related, that 'Fuller, authour of The Worthies of England, undertook once, in paſſing to and fro from Temple Bar to the fartheſt part of Cheapſide, to tell, at his return, every ſign as it ſtood in order on both ſides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards; and he did it exactly.' It is alſo noticed of him, that 'he could repeat five hundred ſtrange words after twice hearing; and could make uſe of a ſermon verbatim, if he once heard it.'

Magliabechi had as ſingular a memory. To put it to a proof, a gentleman lent him a MS. Some time after it was returned, he came to him, with a melancholy face, to inform him that it was loſt. Magliabechi was not ſo much concerned: for he repeated exactly every word of the MS. which, it is ſaid, he had perfectly retained. It is alſo ſaid, that when he quoted any authour in converſation, he alſo mentioned the volume and the page.

Ubbo Emmius, profeſſor at Groninguen, had a prodigious memory; difficult to be credited. It is related of him, that he could readily anſwer any queſtions in hiſtory without miſtaking the minuteſt circumſtances of time, place, or perſons. He even recollected the figure, ſituation, and magnitude of towns and fortreſſes; the poſition of the rivers and highways; the heights of the mountains, &c.

It is recorded of Selim, the ſon of Bajazet II, and father of Soliman, that he was accuſtomed daily to eat a certain grain that grew in Turkey, the effect of which was on thoſe who ate them, to eraſe from their minds, the recollection of every diſagreeable event or painful circumſtance.

If this tale was true, Turkey certainly poſſeſſed a more valuable treaſure than both the Indies could produce; and when any one ſhall diſcover this grain,

we may ſay, he will poſſeſs that which has the power of beſtowing the greateſt happineſs in this life.

MISERS.

THE approach of death obliterates all the reigning paſſions of the human heart, except avarice. The miſer never loſes ſight of his favourite object. Mr. ——, when dying, wiſhed to make his will, but requeſted they would not ſend for a certain notary, whom he mentioned, becauſe he was ſo extravagant in his charges.

When Mr. T—— was dying, a clergyman, who was with him, deſired him to turn his thoughts from this world, to think how ſoon he would appear before the all-powerful Judge, and how greatly ſuperiour would be the delights of Paradiſe to any mundane enjoyment. Mr. T. who had paid no attention to theſe exhortations, from his mind being full of the expences of his ſickneſs, ſaid, 'Oh! Sir, the doctors and apothecaries are the greateſt thieves in the world; they are always trying which can rob their patients the moſt. If I was to be much longer in their hands, I ſhould ſoon be ruined.' What uneaſineſs!!!

After reading Plautus's and Moliere's *Miſer*, we might be inclined to think the deſcriptive traits of miſers were exhauſted.

The late John Elwes, however, inſtanced many equally ſtrong. We would ſelect ſome few, but are puzzled to chuſe, and therefore, refer the reader, to Captain Topham's Life of this extraordinary character.

MONUMENTS.

THE monuments of ancient Rome, of which we poſſeſs many very perfect and well engraved deſigns, are particularly uſeful in facilitating the ſtudies of young perſons. By them there is acquired, very eaſily, and in a pleaſing mode, a knowledge of mythology, the Roman hiſtory, and particularly the genealogies of the moſt illuſtrious perſons of that empire. They ſhow the forms of their temples, altars, tombs, courts of juſtice, circuſes, hot baths, and publick bagnios; the dreſſes of the emperours, prieſts, magiſtrates, ſoldiers, and ſlaves; the head-dreſs of the women, leg-covers, bracelets, and every other ornament with which the Romans decorated themſelves; alſo the forms of their beds, chairs, diſhes, vaſes, lachrymatories, urns, lamps, torches, cars, veſſels, arms, war machines, and the muſical inſtruments which they invented or brought to perfection.

Theſe monuments deſcribe their triumphal entries, ſacrifices, feſtivals, banquets, ſea and land battles, publick games, and an infinite number of curious things, which, if conſidered ſingly and with attention, will enable the young ſtudent clearly to underſtand the greater part of the Latin authours, and render them more intelligible than all the commentaries which have been written on them, for they generally render the authour more obſcure, and lead the reader into greater embarraſſments, by what they attempt to explain, than by what they leave untouched.

Bonaventure d'Argonne, of whom we only are the tranſlators of theſe remarks, concludes with ſaying, that what he has aſſerted is the reſult of experience; and by this mode of receiving inſtruction by the ſight, he obtained more knowledge on theſe ſubjects in ten days, than what he acquired in many years, by having recourſe to commentators and dictionaries.

Theſe reſources, however, ſhould not be neglected nor deſpiſed, notwithſtanding they may not be entirely adequate to the end propoſed.

MUSICK.

It has been aſſerted by many writers, that muſick, and the ſound of inſtruments, contribute to the health both of body and mind, by aiding the circulation of the humours, accelerating the motion of the blood, dilating the veſſels, diſpelling melancholy, and promoting inſenſible perſpiration; an excretion, abſolutely neceſſary for the maintenance and preſervation of health. The diſeaſe of Saul was alleviated by David's harp. We are informed by authours of undeniable credit, that the poiſon of the tarantula is diſſipated by muſick and dancing, and we have ſomewhere read of a perſon, who was ſubject to a periodical delirium, and on every attack, inſtead of having recourſe to medicine, ſome violins were played in his chamber. The diſeaſe would immediately become leſs, and in a few hours totally removed.

Mr. Gibbon, in the laſt volume of his Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, obſerves, that 'experience has proved that the mechanical operations of ſounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and ſpirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reaſon and honour.' Of this remark, the following anecdotes are remarkable illuſtrations:

Mr. Pye, in his Commentary on Ariſtotle, ſays, 'The Rans de Vaches, mentioned by Rouſſeau, in his Dictionary of Muſick, though without any thing ſtriking in the compoſition, has ſuch a powerful influence on the Swiſs, and impreſſes them with ſo violent a deſire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiſs regi-

ments, in the ſervice of France, on pain of death.'

'Beyond all memory or tradition,' ſays the writer of 'A Tour in England and Scotland,' 'the favourite inſtrument of the Scotch muſicians has been the bag-pipe, introduced into Scotland at a very early period by the Norwegians.' The large bag-pipe is the inſtrument of the Highlanders for war, for marriage, for funeral proceſſions, and other great occaſions. They have alſo a ſmaller kind, on which dancing tunes are played. A certain ſpecies of this wind muſick, called *pibrachs*, raiſes the native Highlanders, in the ſame way that the ſound of the trumpet does the war horſe, and even produces effects little leſs marvellous than thoſe recorded of ancient muſick. At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, while the Britiſh troops were retreating in great confuſion, the general complained to a field officer of Fraſer's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps. 'Sir,' anſwered he with great warmth, 'you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning; nothing encourages Highlanders ſo much in a day of action, nay even now they would be of uſe.'—'Let them blow then like the devil,' replied the general, 'if it will bring back the men.' The pipes were ordered to play a favourite martial air. The Highlanders, the moment they heard the muſick, returned and formed with alacrity in the rear.

With a view to prove the wonderful power which muſick poſſeſſes in calming the human paſſions, Signior Martinelli, in his Letters on Italian Muſick, offers us the two following examples:

One day, when Stradella, the celebrated violin player, of Naples, was playing a piece of muſick at Naples, he made ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion on a young lady, that he gained her heart, ſoon afterwards her perſon, and went off with her to Rome.

The young lady's guardian, very much enraged at

her conduct, perſuaded a young gentleman, who had wiſhed to marry her, to waſh away, with the raviſher's blood, an injury which was equally poignant to them both.

The lover followed Stradella; and on arriving at Rome, he enquired where he could meet his rival. He was informed he was to play in a church on that day; he went there, heard Stradella perform, and forgot his revenge. He wrote to the lady's guardian, that on his arrival at Rome, Stradella had quitted the city.

The ſecond example is of Palma, who alſo was a Neapolitan muſician. He was ſurprized in his houſe by one of his creditors, who demanded his money, and threatened to arreſt him, in the moſt injurious language. Palma made no anſwer to his abuſe and threats, but by ſinging a tune. The creditor liſtened to it. Palma ſung another air, and accompanied it with his harpſichord; and obſerving thoſe parts which made the moſt impreſſion on the heart of his creditor, he at length ſubdued him; payment of the money was no longer demanded; he aſked him to lend him an additional ſum, to extricate him from ſome pecuniary embarraſſments, and it was immediately granted.

'If Stradella, with a ſimple ſonata on the violin,' adds Signor Martinelli, 'could tranquillize the furious tranſports of a juſtly irritated rival, and who travelled more than a hundred leagues to obtain revenge; if Palma, with a coarſe voice, gained the heart of an avaricious creditor, and obtained an additional loan; what could not the melody of the philoſophical poet Orpheus effect, who played his own compoſitions?'

Bonaventure d'Argonne, ſays, 'doubting the truth of thoſe who ſay it is natural for us to love muſick, eſpecially the ſounds of inſtruments, and that beaſts are touched with it, I one day, being in the country, endeavoured to determine the point; and,

while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my obſervations on a cat, a dog, a horſe, an aſs, a hind, cows, ſmall birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the leaſt affected, and I even judged, by her air, that ſhe would have given all the inſtruments in the world for a mouſe, ſleeping in the ſun all the time; the horſe ſtopped ſhort from time to time before the window, lifting his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the graſs: the dog continued for above an hour ſeated on his hind legs, looking ſtedfaſtly at the player; the aſs did not diſcover the leaſt indication of his being touched, eating his thiſtles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and ſeemed very attentive; the cows ſlept a little, and after gazing as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward: ſome birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and buſhes, almoſt tore their throats with ſinging; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens who were ſolely employed in ſcraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not ſhow in any manner that they took the leaſt pleaſure in hearing the trump marine.'

NAMES.

It was cuſtomary among the ancients to write names, whether of the gods, or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at ſeeing another's name preferred to his own. The Cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the ſame attention to delicacy, and when a Pope has demanded the names of ſome prieſts of their order, that one might be raiſed to the purple, they have ſent thoſe names written circularly, that they might not ſeem to recommend one, more than another. The race of ſailors

are the only people who preſerve this very ancient cuſtom in its purity, for when any remonſtrance is on foot among them, they ſign it in a circle, and call it a *Rouna Robin*.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth. century, it was the fancy of the wits and learned men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptiſmal names for claſſical ones. As Sannazarius, for inſtance, who altered his own plain name 'Jacopo,' to 'Actius Syncerus.' Numbers did the ſame, and among the reſt, Platina the hiſtorian, at Rome, who, not without a ſolemn ceremonial, took the name of 'Callimachus,' inſtead of 'Philip.' Pope Paul the Second, who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be ſuſpicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehenſion. He had no idea that perſons could wiſh to alter their names, unleſs they had ſome bad deſign, and actually ſcrupled not to employ impriſonment, and other violent methods, to diſcover the fancied myſtery. Platina was moſt cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confeſs, ſo the Pope, after endeavouring in vain, to convict him of hereſy, ſedition, &c. releaſed him, after a long impriſonment.

Formerly there were many perſons, ſirnamed *Devil*. In an old book, the title of which we do not recollect, mention is made of one, Rogerius Diabolus, Lord of Montreſor.

An Engliſh monk, 'Willelmus, cognomento Diabolus,' and another perſon, 'Hughes le Diable, Lord of Luſignan.'

Robert, Duke of Normandy, ſon to William the Conqueror, was ſirnamed 'the Devil.'

In Norway and Sweden there were two families of the name of 'Trolle,' in Engliſh, 'Devil,' and every branch of theſe families had an emblem of the 'Devil' for their coat of arms.

In Utrecht, there was a family of 'Teufels,' or 'Devils,' and another in Brittany named 'Diable.'

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

An action, or an anecdote of a nation, often preſents a clearer idea of its character, than the profoundeſt reflections of the hiſtorian. Allowing for the effects of political changes, we conceive the following anecdote to be highly characteriſtick.

The regent duke of Orleans once aſked a ſtranger, what were the different characters and diſpoſitions of the various nations in Europe? 'The only manner in which I can anſwer your Royal Highneſs, is to repeat to you the firſt queſtions which are aſked among the ſeveral nations, in regard to a ſtranger who comes among them. In Spain, they aſk, Is he a nobleman of the firſt rank? In Germany, Can he be admitted into the chapters? In France, Is he in favour at court? In Holland, How much money has he? And in England, Who is that man?'

The lively d'Argonne, in the *Marvilliana*, deſcribes the different European nations thus:

'The Spaniards,' he ſays, 'have a deal of cruelty in their manners, which they acquired from the Arabians and the Moors, who are mixed with them; they alſo poſſeſs the violence of the Moors and their ſpirit for chivalry; and they ſtill retain ſomewhat of the Roman gravity, from the colonies of that nation which they formerly received into their country.

'The French have loſt the ferocity of their anceſtors. They are gallant, and brave; and their intercourſe with other nations has refined them very much to what they were two centuries back.

'The Engliſh poſſeſs, and always will retain, that hardineſs which diſtinguiſhed the ancient people of the North, but which they now molify by their travels into Italy and France.

'The Hollanders, from their intercourſe with other nations, and the many learned ſtrangers which be-

come reſident among them, have quitted their natural groſſneſs.

'The Italians have inherited from the ancient Romans, politeneſs, and delicacy of genius; and from the Greeks corrupt manners, lying, and deceit.

'The Germans, above all other Europeans, have varied leſs from their original ſtate. They ſtill poſſeſs the ſtrength and courage of their anceſtors, their heavineſs of genius, and inclination to labour; and, which is very evident, particularly in their literary productions.'

The moſt certain way of diſcovering the real manners of a people, is to view them in the moſt populous ſtates, and that part of the nation who have the leaſt intereſt in diſguiſing themſelves. Go to China, and you will ſee two porters, when they have joſtled each other in a narrow ſtreet, take their loads off their backs, make a thouſand excuſes to each other for the accident they occaſioned, and on their knees will aſk each other pardon for the offence. On the contrary, in London, or in Paris, two porters on ſuch an occaſion will quarrel, and finiſh their diſpute with blows.

NEWSPAPERS.

THERE is no literary production leſs eſteemed by people in general than a newſpaper; although, in fact, it is the moſt difficult work that can be undertaken.

We will take a ſummary view of the abilities required in a perſon editing a newſpaper.

He ſhould poſſeſs an extenſive knowledge of the language in which it is written, a great quickneſs in compoſition, and a conciſe method of narrating events; he ſhould be able to give his ſentiments on war by ſea or land; he ſhould be fully acquainted with geography, the hiſtory of the times, of illuſtri-

ous perſons, of politicks, the ſecrets of courts, and the manners and cuſtoms of all nations in the world; but without entering into a long detail of requiſites, we can ſee by thoſe already enumerated, that the neceſſary knowledge to produce a good newſpaper, is what can be the lot of but very few perſons. What then are we to ſay of the various editors of our ephemeral papers?

There is one circumſtance, however, which injures the daily news-writers, and very much—they are not their own maſters. Being ſubject to the orders of their employers, they dare not relate facts with that ſincerity which hiſtory demands indeed if this was; permitted, we ſhould not require any other hiſtorians.

Voſſius informs us, the firſt writers of newſpapers were called *Menanti*, by the Italians, becauſe the intention of theſe fugitive productions was to circulate defamatory reflections, in conſequence of which they were prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII, by a particular bull, under the name of *Menantes*, from the Latin *Minantes* — threatening. Menage, however, ſays, its derivation is from the Italian, *Menare*, to lead at large, or ſpread afar.

In an account of Mr. Lodge's State Papers, in the Engliſh Review, for June, 1792, we are informed, newſpapers took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy; and under the government of that ariſtocratical republick, Venice. The firſt newſpaper was a Venetian one, and only monthly: but it was the newſpaper of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newſpaper, with the Venetian name for it *(Gazetta)*; and from one ſolitary government Gazette we ſee what an inundation of newſpapers has burſts out upon us in this country.

NUMBER 10.

On the general uſe of this number in calculation, we meet theſe ingenious obſervations in the *Huetiana*.

It is a remarkable circumſtance, that for calculation, and numerical increaſe, the number 10 is always uſed, and that decimal progreſſion is preferred to every other. The cauſe of this preference ariſes from the number of our fingers, upon which men accuſtom themſelves to reckon from their infancy. Firſt, they count the units on their fingers, and when the units exceed that number, they have recourſe to another ten. If the number of tens increaſe, they ſtill reckon on their fingers; and if they ſurpaſs that number, they then commence a different ſpecies of calculation by the ſame agents; as thus—reckoning each finger for tens, then for hundreds, thouſands, &c.

This number of fingers is beſtowed on men, as ready inſtruments to aſſiſt them in calculating; and it is this which makes us prefer the number ten, though not ſo convenient and uſeful a number as twelve, which admits of more diviſions, as ten can only be only be divided by two and five, but twelve by two, three, four, and ſix.

The Roman numbers proved the truth of my opinion; the units are marked by the letter I, which repreſent a finger.

The number five is marked by the letter V, which repreſents the firſt and laſt finger of a hand.

Ten, by an X, which is two V's joined at their points, and which two V's repreſent the two hands.

Five tens are marked by an L; that is half the letter E, which is the ſame as C, the mark for a hundred.

Five hundred is marked by a D, half of the letter ↀ, which is the ſame as M, the mark for a thouſand.

We ſee by this, that the calculation of their numbers was from five to five, that is, from one hand to the other. Ovid makes mention of this mode, as alſo of the number ten:

'Hic numéris magno tunc in honore fuit.
Seu quia tot digiti per quos numerare ſolemnus,
Seu quia bis quino femina menſe parit.
Seu quòd ad uſque decem numero creſcente venitur:
Principium ſpatiis ſumitur inde novis.'

Vitruvius alſo makes the ſame remark; he ſays, *Ex manibus denarius digitorum numerus.*

Many unlettered nations, as the inhabitants of Guinea, Madagaſcar, and of the interior parts of America, know not how to count farther than ten. The Braſilians, and ſeveral others, cannot reckon beyond five; they multiply that number to expreſs a greater, and in their calculations they uſe their fingers and toes. The natives of Peru uſe decimal progreſſion; they count from one to ten; by tens to a hundred; and by hundreds to a thouſand.

Plutarch ſays, that decimal progreſſion was not only uſed among the Grecians, but alſo by every uncivilized nation. By this we perceive how much Priſcian was deceived in his origin of figures. We have, however, refined upon that convenience with which Nature has furniſhed men to aſſiſt them in their calculations; for we not only uſe our fingers, but likewiſe various figures, which we place in different ſituations, and combine in certain ways, to expreſs our ideas.

OBSCURITY.

QUINTILIAN obſerves, the obſcurity of a writer is generally in proportion to his incapacity. There are however no defects, that do not meet ſupporters;

and the ſame authour informs, us there was in the time of Titus Livius, a rhetorician ſo great a partiſan for obſcurity, that he made his ſcholars correct thoſe paſſages in their works that were intelligible. The greateſt praiſe that could be beſtowed on the eloquence of that ſchool, was to ſay, '*I do not comprehend the ſmalleſt portion of it.*'

One Lycophron was alſo an advocate for obſcurity. He declared publickly he would hang himſelf, if he found a perſon who could underſtand his poem of 'The Prophecy of Caſſandra.' He ſucceeded to the utmoſt of his wiſhes; his poem was the ſtumbling block of all the grammarians, ſcholiaſts, and commentators, and it is at this period equally inexplicable as when it firſt appeared.

'I do not believe,' ſays Charpentier, 'the unintelligible are very intelligent, and the compoſitions of ſuch men, may be compared to thoſe ſubterraneous paſſages, where every light is extinguiſhed by the thickneſs of the air.'

ORGANS.

The firſt mention of a muſical inſtrument of this deſcription, which we find, at leaſt in our northern hiſtories, is in the annals of 757, when Conſtantine Cupronymus, emperor of the Eaſt, ſent to Pepin, king of France, among other rich preſents, a muſical machine, which the French writers deſcribe to have been compoſed of pipes, and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated ſometimes the roaring of thunder, and ſometimes the warblings of a flute. A lady was ſo affected by hearing it played on for the firſt time, that ſhe fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be reſtored to the uſe of her intellects.

PAINTING.

The origin of this art appears to be of great antiquity. Homer's account of the works of Helen and of Penelope, prove that coloured tapestry was known at a very early period. Virgil *supposes* painting to have gained some perfection in the age of his Dido, as Æneas could discover his own portrait in some of those pictures which adorned the Temple of Juno, at Carthage. According to Diodorus Siculus, there were many tiles or bricks painted with the forms of animals in Babylon, and its sovereign, Semiramis, possessed, it is recorded, a collection of pictures, particularly hunting pieces. The Egyptians, however, assert their hieroglyphicks prove they understood this art six thousand years before the Greeks.

Painting is an art of indefinite extent, and it is impossible, says, an intelligent French writer, to fix its point of perfection. The greatest works of the greatest masters are not the boundaries of this art.

Raphael's productions were capital; nevertheless there were those who could produce better; and this great genius laboured all his life to surpass himself. He always hoped that every painting would exceed a former one; and such were his ideas of perfection, that had he lived as many centuries as he did years, and made equal progress in his profession, he never would have been perfectly satisfied with his works.

Those who are unacquainted with this art, imagine it is confined within very narrow limits; but those who exercise it find, the more they cultivate it, the more appears to be required. It may be compared to a geographical chart, where a point marks a city, and a line a river.

Simon Memmi, who flourished at Sienna, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the first painter who, by way of explanation, put scrolls in the mouths of his figures, a practice which became, after,

wards, not uncommon. A piece of his, is now exiſting, wherein the devil, almoſt expiring from the ſevere purſuit of a ſaint, exclaims, 'Ohime! Non poſſo piu!' *Oh! It is all over with me!* A portrait, of the ſame infernal perſonage, proved fatal to Spinello Aretino, an artiſt of Arezzo, in the ſame age. He had drawn the Prince of the air, under a form ſo exquiſitely hideous, that he could never eraſe the idea from his mind. One night, a dream repreſented to his frighted imagination, that awful ſpirit, under the ſame horrid appearance, ſtanding before him, in a menacing attitude, and reproaching him for drawing ſo *very* homely a likeneſs. Spinello awoke in an agony of dread, he had barely ſenſes left to tell the tale, before his reaſon gave way, and for the ſhort time he ſurvived, a fearful inſanity never left him.

Some hundred years before the Ruſſian revolution, Nicolas Gobrini Rienzi had actually accompliſhed, firſt, the liberty, and then, the ſubjugation, of Rome, by means of allegorical pictures, which were expoſed to the view of the populace, by night, as well as day, as lights were burnt before them. Some of theſe ſatyrized the ariſtocratick rulers of the city, under the character of different beaſts, Wolves and bears, repreſented the nobles; ſpaniels and monkeys, their domeſtics; the clergy were painted as hogs, and the lawyers as foxes. The mob found theſe ideas ſo well aſſimilated, that they ſtrenuouſly ſeconded Rienzi in driving wolves, monkeys, hogs, and foxes out of their ſtrong-holds, and bringing matters to a much better regulated ſyſtem.

Painting had attained a conſiderable degree of perfection in South America, when it was conquered by the Spaniards; as it is recorded that Montezuma ſhewed to Cortez a complet e repreſentation, in colours, of the firſt landing of thoſe fatal viſitors, of their arms, their horſes, and thoſe fierce dogs,

whoſe preſence conveyed more terror to the Indians, than even that of their maſters.

The ancients greatly excelled in this art; Protogenes and Apelles imitated nature ſo perfectly, that their pictures ſeemed living and animated beings. The reſemblance was ſo exact, that animals, nay even men, were not unfrequently deceived. 'Let it not be imagined,' ſays M. Savary, in his Letters on Greece, 'that the artiſt born with the happieſt talents, can even attain this high degree of perfection, without prodigious efforts. Genius muſt be ſeconded by the moſt perſevering labour, and a profound knowledge of every ſcience allied to his art: without this, the painter creates nothing for immortality.

PANTOMIMES.

The pantomimick art was in ſuch high perfection among the ancients, that its language, or the ſilent muſick as they termed it, was conſidered by them as more eloquent than even declamation. Caſſiodorus aſcribed to the actors, eloquent hands, ſpeaking fingers, and a pathetick ſilence.

An ambaſſadour from the king of Pontus, who was preſent in Rome at the repreſentation of a pantomime, was ſo ſatisfied with the intelligence of the actor, that he aſked the emperor Nero, to give him to him as a particular favour. 'Do not be aſtoniſhed at my requeſt,' ſaid the ambaſſadour; 'I have ſavages for neighbours, whoſe language no one underſtands; nor can we make them comprehend what we mean: but this man, who knows how to ſpeak by geſtures, will eaſily make them comprehend our wiſhes.'

Another ſtranger, who was preſent at the performance of this pantomime, was ſo aſtoniſhed at

ſeeing one man execute an intire piece, that in his admiration he addreſſed theſe words to the actor—*In one body thou haſt more than one ſoul.*

The following anecdote appears incredible; it is related by Herodotus:

'A certain king was deſirous of having his daughter married. All the neighbouring princes were anxious to obtain her. Among the many who ſought for this alliance, there was one greatly ſkilled in the pantomimick art. Eager to diſplay his great talents, he performed wonders. After having repreſented various ſubjects with his hands, he ſtood upon his head; and with his feet elevated in the air, he delineated with his legs ſtill greater wonders than he had performed with his hands.

'Theſe uncommon talents, however, deterred the king from giving him his daughter; becauſe he conceived that pantomimes admitted of too much licentiouſneſs, and that it was not conſiſtent with the character of a prince, to excel in ſuch a frivolous art.'

Pylades and Bathylles carried pantomimes to the higheſt perfection among the Romans; Pylades, in repreſenting tragedy, and Bathylles in comedy. The art then conſiſted in expreſſing the paſſions by geſtures, attitudes, and dumb ſhow; and not, as at the preſent period, in machinery, the fooleries of a clown, and harlequin's leaps.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

ALTHOUGH the ſcience of phyſiognomy has, among other branches of literature, enjoyed the ſupport of the learned, at almoſt every period in which learning was cultivated, it fell into diſrepute with other ſubjects, ſuch as magic, and alchemy, now very properly exploded as fantaſtick theories. The amiable

and enthuſiaſtick Lavater has however revived it, and ſince the publication of his very ingenious work, it has attracted a very conſiderable degree of general attention, and is conſidered by many as a very valuable branch of real knowledge.

D'Argonne ſays, 'there is nothing more deceptious than phyſiognomy, and thoſe who pretend to poſſeſs the art of knowing the mind and manners of perſons by the traits of their countenance, often deceive themſelves, and thoſe that believe them. Whatever the advocates for phyſiognomy may ſay, there cannot be any certain rules of the ſcience, and after ſtudying thoſe that are laid down with the greateſt perſeverance and care, experience and a thouſand examples will prove their fallacy.

'What firſt induced me,' continues our authour, 'to reflect on this ſubject, was from a knowledge I had of two brothers. One of them had a moſt inviting countenance, but was the greateſt villain that ever exiſted: and the other, who had a moſt forbidding countenance, was a very phœnix of honeſty. Since this example, I have made a number of ſimilar obſervations on various perſons, and have found that for one of whoſe features we may judge properly, ſix will deceive us.'

The phyſiognomiſts confeſs, that this obſervation is true with reſpect to manners, becauſe education frequently effects very remarkable changes; but with regard to the mind, which is not ſo eaſily changed by ſtudy, and though familiar with the ſciences, continues the ſame, they ſay, we may with certainty have recourſe to the features to diſcover its character.

It muſt be allowed, that we may more eaſily, and with greater certainty, judge of the mind by phyſiognomy, than of the peculiar manners of men. But in this, we may alſo be very often miſtaken, as muſt be evident to every unprejudiced perſon. As a proof, let any one examine the faces of the moſt learned

men, and then let them candidly declare, whether there are not many whom they would have taken to be abſolutely ignorant.

There are many men of very great ſenſe, who have not the leaſt indication of it in their countenance, and others who appear profoundly learned, but poſſeſs very trivial abilities, or none. To be convinced of this, it is only neceſſary to go frequently into company, and make the obſervation.

When Lavater's work appeared, it was attacked by M. Formey, in the Berlin Tranſactions for the year 1775. His ſtrictures and objections are ſtrong, and worthy very particular notice. We ſhall only tranſcribe his principal argument:

He admits, that the fibres of the body are influenced and intimately connected with the character of the mind. 'But, ſays he,' 'our frame is liable to ſo many accidents by which it may be altered or modified, that have no connection with the diſpoſition or talents of the perſon who may be expoſed to them, that it far ſurpaſſes human ſkill to diſtinguiſh between ſuch modifications as are, and ſuch as are not connected with the mind; and therefore, although there may be truth in the ſcience of phyſiognomy, the Deity alone can be a phyſiognomiſt.

He alſo obſerves, that 'our caſt of features is liable to be determined by the temperaments of our anceſtor's lineal and collateral, by education, by diet, by climate, by ſudden emotions, &c. So that the determination given to our features by our mental character, may be ſo involved with, or hidden by accidental circumſtances, that it is in vain to attempt the ſtudy of a ſcience whoſe limits are ſo confined.'

It is to be remarked, that ſome of the opinions and aſſertions of the moſt ſanguine ſupporters of phyſiognomy are ſuch, as to render the ſcience ridiculous, and impreſs us with the idea of the whole

being fallacious. In ſupport of this obſervation, take theſe paſſages from M. Pernetty:

He lays it down as a principle, that no man can be a phyſiognomiſt, unleſs he receives a knowledge of the ſcience, originally, as a gift from the Deity; and that the faculty of phyſiognomizing is not acquired, but innate. In another place, he intimates, that a phyſiognomiſt, to form a good judgment, ought to have the diſpoſitions of the perſon phyſiognomized.

M. Lavater's opinion of it is alſo curious: '*Nous parviendrons à établir un hypothèſe, digne d'occuper un des premiers rangs dans la claſſe des probabilités philoſophiques.*'

It has been obſerved, that though the ſcience of phyſiognomy may not be admitted as real to the extent which its ſtrongeſt partizans give it, yet, every one muſt acknowledge the change of colour, and alteration of the countenance, at the emotions of diſguſt, anger, and ſhame. If this was really the fact, phyſiognomiſts would eaſily ſurmount the artifice of the ladies, who hide their faces with rouge. Madame de Staal was ſo certain of the advantages to be derived from this ſpecies of maſk, that ſhe employed it on a very critical occaſion.

This lady, who was confined in the Baſtile for ſome ſtate affair, tells us, in her *Memoirs*, that when ſhe was ſummoned to be examined by the commiſſaries, ſhe took the precaution of putting on a large quantity of rouge (which ſhe had in her pocket, although ſhe was not in the habit of uſing it) to conceal, as much as it was poſſible, that alteration of her countenance which might betray her.

PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIMAGES were the devotion of the ſixteenth century.

A queen of France, it is ſuppoſed *Catherine de Medicis*, made a vow, that if ſome concerns which ſhe had undertaken, terminated ſucceſsfully, ſhe would ſend a pilgrim to Jeruſalem, who ſhould walk there, and every three ſteps he advanced, he ſhould go one back at every third ſtep. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man ſufficiently ſtrong to go on foot, and of ſufficient patience to go back one ſtep at every third. A citizen of Verberie offered himſelf, and promiſed to accompliſh the queen's vow moſt ſcrupulouſly. The queen accepted this offer, and promiſed him an adequate recompenſe. He fulfilled his engagement with the greateſt exactneſs, of which the queen was well aſſured by conſtant enquiries.

This citizen, who was a merchant, received on his return a conſiderable ſum of money, and was ennobled. His coat of arms were a croſs and a branch of palm-tree. His deſcendants preſerved the arms; but (ſays our authour) they degenerated by continuing that commerce which their father quitted.

This anecdote is related in the *Nouvelle Hiſtoire du Duché de Valois*. The authour mentions it as a proof that the moſt reſpectable cuſtoms are ſometimes as much expoſed to ridicule as real abuſes.

POPES.

It is obſerved in the *Valeſiana*, that in the early ages of the church, the Popes, ſcrupulouſly adhered to the cuſtom of placing their names after that of the perſon they addreſſed in their letters. And this evidence of their humility is eſtabliſhed by a variety of letters written by different Popes.

It was Nicholas I, a bold and enterprizing Pope, who, in 858, forgetting the pious modeſty of his predeceſſors, took advantage of the diviſions in the

royal families of France, and did not hesitate to place his name before that of the kings and emperors of the house of France, to whom he wrote. Since that time, he has been imitated by all his successors, and this incroachment on the honours of monarchy has passed into a custom from having been suffered in its commencement.

Concerning the acknowledged *infallibility of the Popes*, it appears that Gregory VII, in council, decreed that the church of Rome neither *had erred*, and *never should err*. It was thus this prerogative of his holiness became received, till 1313, vulgar era, when John XXII abrogated decrees made by three Popes his predecessors, and declared that what was done *amiss* by one Pope or Council might be *corrected* by another; and Gregory XI, 1370, in his will, deprecates, *si quid in catholica fide errasset*. The University of Vienna protested against it, calling it a contempt of God, and an idolatry, if any one in matters of faith should appeal from a *council* to the *Pope*; that is, from *God* who presides in *councils*, to *Man*. But the *infallibility* was at length established by Leo X, especially after Luther's opposition, because they despaired of defending their indulgences, bulls, &c. by any other method.

Of the misery and distress these religious despots occasioned, when the superstitious ignorance of the times rendered their *bulls of excommunication* regarded, we, from among many instances, select the following animated description from de Saint Foix's Historical Essays:

Philip Augustus, being desirous of divorcing Ingelburg, to unite himself to Agnes de Meranie, the Pope put his kingdom under an interdict. The churches were shut during the space of eight months; they said neither mass nor vespers; they did not marry; and even the offspring of the married born at this unhappy period *were considered* as *illicit*: and because

the king would not ſleep with his wife, it was not permitted to any of his ſubjects to ſleep with their's. In that year France was threatened with an extinction of the ordinary generation. A man under this curſe of publick penance was diveſted of all his functions, civil, military, and matrimonial; he was not allowed to dreſs his hair, to ſhave, to bathe, nor even change his linen; ſo that (ſays M. de Saint Foix) upon the whole, this made a filthy penitent.—The good King Robert (he continues) incurred the cenſures of the church for having married his couſin. He was immediately abandoned; two faithful domeſticks alone remained with him, and theſe always paſſed through the fire whatever he touched. In a word, the horror which an excommunication occaſioned was ſuch, that a woman of pleaſure, with whom one Pelletier had paſſed ſome moments, having learnt ſoon afterwards that he had been above ſix months an excommunicated perſon, fell into a panick, and with great difficulty recovered from her convulſions.

Oh! human nature, how wert thou degraded! Happily, the preſent age is too enlightened to admit of religious deſpotiſm. But who can predict to what the deſtruction of our political rights may lead? Engliſhmen, beware!

PRIDE,

Is the frailty of the feebleſt minds: neither riches, nor the futile diſtinction of rank, can render this diſguſting foible acceptable. In ſociety, the proud man, like wind in the human frame, is painfully troubleſome. The Spaniards, above all nations, are the moſt haughty, but it is not peculiar to thoſe of diſtinction among them; an artificer, a man of the loweſt rank, and even a common beggar, maintains, amidſt all

his miſery, a walk, and a tone of confidence, that ſeems to place him above his condition.

In Rome, it is common to ſee an innumerable quantity of poor perſons of all nations, to whom at certain hours ſome of the monaſteries give ſoup daily.

A Caſtilian who had juſt arrived, and did not know at what time the diſtribution was made, applied to a French eccleſiaſtick for information. The vanity of the Spaniard would not permit him to aſk plainly, at whoſe houſe they gave the ſoup? it was a ſpecies of queſtion that appeared too mean. After endeavouring for ſome time to find a mode of expreſſion not quite ſo low, he thought it was better to aſk the Frenchman, if he had taken his chocolate? 'My chocolate!' replied the eccleſiaſtick, 'how do you ſuppoſe I am to pay for it? I live on charity, and am waiting for the diſtribution of the ſoup at the convent of the Franciſcans.' 'Then you have not been there yet,' ſaid the Caſtilian. 'No,' replied the Frenchman, 'I am now going, it is juſt time.' 'I beg you will conduct me there,' ſaid the Don, 'and you will then ſee Don Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redia de Montava de Veza, &c. give to poſterity an example of his humility.' 'And who are theſe people,' aſked the Frenchman. 'It is me,' replied the Spaniard. 'If ſo,' anſwered the Frenchman, 'you had better ſaid, an example of a good appetite.'

A Florentine walking with a Spaniard in Florence, they met the grand duke, with his brother the cardinal. The Florentine aſked his companion, if he was not highly delighted with ſeeing theſe two princes? The Spaniard, after being repeatedly aſked, at length replied—'*En Eſpagná, tenemos quarenta como el cardinal; dies como el grand duque; dos como el papa; y uno como Dios. Los quarenta, ſon los quarenta canonigos de Toledo; los dies, ſon los dies grandes de Eſpagná; los dos como el papa, ſon los arçobiſpos de Toledo et de Sevilla; el uno como Dios, es nueſtro rey.*'

'In Spain, we have forty like the cardinal; ten like the grand duke; two like the pope; and one like God. The forty, are the forty canons of Toledo; the ten, are the ten grandees of Spain; the two like the pope, are the archbiſhops of Toledo and Seville; and the one like God, is our King.'

A Spaniard, ſpeaking of Henry III, of France, ſaid, 'he was certainly a great prince, if he had not quarrelled with the Catholicks, and fooliſhly taken part with the people of Navarre; he was a man that could have puſhed his fortune, ſo as to have been *major domo del rey ſu ſegnôr*,'—the king his maſter's major-domo.

Another of the ſame nation, riſing from a fall, by which he had injured his noſe conſiderably, exclaimed, '*Voto a tal, eſto es caminar por la tiera.*' This is the conſequence of walking upon earth.

During the reign of Philip V, grandſon of Louis XIV, a gentleman of Pampeluna ſigned a contract thus—*Don*, &c. &c. *noble as the king, and rather more ſo.* The governor being informed of it, ordered the gentleman to be brought before him, and aſked, how he could be ſo imprudent as to place himſelf above his king? To which he replied, with great coolneſs, '*The king is a Frenchman, I am a Spaniard, and therefore my extraction is more noble than his.*' He was immediately ordered to priſon; but his countrymen, delighted with his heroiſm (ſays our authour) endeavoured to ſoften the rigour of confinement, by conſtant viſits and numberleſs preſents.

The moſt ſingular inſtance of Britiſh pride is related of a man, known in his time by the name of the '*Proud*' Duke of Somerſet. This pillar of 'the Corinthian Capital of poliſhed Society' (as the ſublime and venal apoſtate would expreſs it) married a ſecond wife, who, one day with an affectionate eaſe, which any man would have cheriſhed, ſuddenly threw her arm round his neck, and fondly ſaluted him. 'Ma-

dam,' ſaid this unmanly ariſtocrate, 'my firſt wife was a Percy, and *ſhe* would not have taken ſuch a liberty.'

Of German pride, we preſent the following extraordinary anecdote: A German lord, left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be encloſed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed, and faſtened to a poſt in the pariſh, in order to prevent any peaſant or ſlave from walking over his body!

It is with nations as with individuals; every people attribute to themſelves qualities which diſtinguiſh them from others. The Indian fabuliſts tell us of a country in India where all the natives were hunch-backed. A young, handſome, and well-formed ſtranger came to this country. Immediately he was ſurrounded by a number of the inhabitants; his figure appeared to them extraordinary; their laughter and geſticulations evinced their aſtoniſhment. They would have proceeded to ſome outrages on his perſon, had it not been for one among them, who no doubt had ſeen different ſhaped men to his countrymen, and exclaimed, 'Ah! my friends, let us ſpare this unfortunate ill-made man; ſhould we injure him, becauſe heaven has not given him ſuch an agreeable form as our's? Sooner let us go to the temple, and return thanks to the Eternal for the humps which he has favoured us with.' Every one will perceive the application of this apologue.

When the kam of the Tartars did not poſſeſs a houſe to live in, and only lived on rapine, had finiſhed his dinner, conſiſting of milk food, and horſe's fleſh, it was proclaimed by a herald, '*That all the potentates, princes, and great men of the earth, might ſit down to table.*'

Some Frenchmen, who had landed on the coaſt of Guinea, were carried before a Negro prince. He was ſeated under a tree; his throne was a large block

of wood, and his guards conſiſted of three or four negroes, armed with wooden pikes. This ridiculous monarch aſked, '*Do they talk much of me in France?*'

The different colonies on the coaſt of Guinea have each their king, whoſe grandeur and ſplendour is not greater than that of the negro prince, mentioned in the preceding anecdote. This royal rabble often name themſelves after ſome of our princes, or great men, whoſe exploits they have heard of.

In the year 1743, there was among them a *King William*, whoſe auguſt ſpouſe called herſelf *Queen Anne*. There was alſo another who ſtyled himſelf the *Duke of Marlborough*.

The King William was a little *Cæſar*, who for twenty years had carried on a war againſt one *Martin*, who had dared to attempt to become his equal. At length they had a famous and deciſive battle, in which William loſt three men, and his rival five. After this ſignal defeat, he made overtures for a ceſſation of hoſtilities, which was agreed to, on the following conditions:

1. That he ſhould renounce the title of King, and aſſume that of Captain.

2. That he ſhould never more put on ſtockings or ſlippers when he went on board any European veſſels, and this brilliant diſtinction ſhould henceforth only belong to King William.

3. That he ſhould give the conquerour his moſt handſome daughter in marriage.

After this glorious treaty, William went on board a Daniſh veſſel in ſtockings and ſlippers, where he bought ſome ſilks to dreſs his queen. Among the things, he ſaw a grenadier's cap, which he alſo bought to decorate the princeſs's head. He inſiſted that Martin ſhould come and ſee her in all her finery. Martin declared, ſhe never appeared ſo handſome before.

Theſe different anecdotes prove, that kings and

their ſubjects are equally vain. A Canadian thought he beſtowed the greateſt praiſe on an European, when he ſaid—*he is a man like myſelf.*

QUEENS.

SINCE the revolution in France, the rights of kings have been more freely canvaſſed, than at any other period in the annals of Europe; and their errors have been magnified into crimes, without conſidering—kings are but men. Perhaps, on an impartial inveſtigation, it would be found, that moſt of the political iniquities for which monarchs have ſuſtained the blame at the hiſtorick tribunal, have ariſen from the influence and machinations of their wives. To the influence which Marie Antoinette poſſeſſed over Louis XVI, may be attributed thoſe errors, and unparalleled inſtances of regal turpitude, for which he was ſo juſtly puniſhed; and never was the wiſdom and juſtice of the French nation more conſpicuous, than in making her ſhare the ſame fate as her huſband; under the ſhadow of whoſe throne, ſhe ſuppoſed herſelf ſecure, and abandoned herſelf to the commiſſion of every thing, to which a woman, thinking herſelf above the laws of ſociety, and the duties of her ſex, is adequate. Such a queen could not ſo long have eſcaped the reſentment of the publick, but by knowing how to conceal her intrigues under the connubial purple.

For one Egeria, who gave wiſe counſel to a good Numa, how many Agrippines have exerted a melancholy influence over the deſtiny of empires, and the happineſs of the people. The two Fauſtinas ſullied the moſt happy reigns in the annals of Rome. Antony and Marcus Aurelius, were the two moſt accompliſhed ſovereigns recorded in hiſtory, except their weakneſs with reſpect to women. While kings

have the paſſions and ſuſceptibilities of men, what aſcendancy cannot a cunning and ambitious princeſs acquire, who, to obtain her wiſhes, can ſeize, or excite opportunities, when ſhe knows ſhe cannot receive a refuſal—when the ſage is but a man. The Hebrew mythology offers a ſtrong and juſt emblem, in the Hiſtory of Samſon and Dalilah.

RABELAIS.

Of this facetious writer, we ſelect the following ludicrous anecdotes:

When Rabelais was at Rome, he delivered his ſentiments ſo very freely, that he was obliged to ſave himſelf in France, in a very poor condition. When he arrived at the city of Lyons, he made uſe of ſuch means to obtain ſupport throughout his journey, as would not have been ſafe for any perſon to adopt, who was leſs known than Rabelais. The ſtratagem he employed was as follows:

He went into an inn at Lyons, ordered a good ſupper and bed, and told the hoſt, although he was meanly dreſſed, and travelled on foot, he would pay him well for what he had. After ſupper, he filled ſeveral ſmall bags with aſhes; he then aſked for a young lad who could write; when he came, Rabelais deſired him to write ſome ſmall labels, ſome of which were, *Poiſon pour faire perir le roi*; and others, *Poiſon pour faire perir la reine*; theſe labels he faſtened to the bags, in preſence of the lad, and told him, 'Take care not to ſay a ſingle ſyllable of what you have done or ſeen, either to your father or mother; it may coſt us our lives.'

The young man, as Rabelais wiſhed, immediately communicated the whole tranſaction to his mother; ſhe, almoſt dead with fear, went immediately to a magiſtrate. Rabelais was arreſted, and his bags

ſeized: he demanded to be carried before the king, to whom he would ſtate many things of conſequence. Under the idea that he might not die with fright, they fed him well all the way, and ſupplied him with a horſe. When they arrived at court, Rabelais told his tale, and the whole buſineſs terminated by affording ſubject for laughter, not only to the court, but to all the inhabitants of Verſailles.

At Montpellier, no one can obtain the degree of Doctor in Medicine, without firſt receiving ſeven times the hat and robe of Rabelais, which are depoſited in the caſtle of Morac. Such is the veneration paid to his memory, by thoſe who have the regulation of that academy The reaſon is this:

Some ſtudents created ſuch frequent diſturbances in the city, as gave riſe to many complaints being made againſt them at court; the conſequence of which was, that ſeveral of the ſtudents were confined. and the privileges of the academy debarred them. Rabelais was then at Montpellier, and though a very merry fellow, deeply partook of the ſorrow which theſe events occaſioned the academicians.

He reſolved to make an attempt to obtain the releaſe of the ſtudents, and a reinſtatement in their accuſtomed privileges; for which purpoſe, he adopted the ſubſequent ſcheme:

He dreſſed himſelf as a doctor, went to Paris, and preſented himſelf at the door of the Chancellor du Prat. The Swiſs attendant, who miſtook him for a fool, roughly demanded his buſineſs, to which Rabelais anſwered in pure Latin, which the Swiſs not underſtanding, ſent for one of the Chancellor's officers; when he came, Rabelais ſpoke to him in Greek, which being equally incomprehenſible both to the Swiſs and officer, they ſent for one who underſtood Greek perfectly; to him the Doctor then ſpoke Hebrew; and when they brought one who ſpoke Hebrew, he ſpake Arabick. In this manner he ex-

hauſted all the knowledge of the Chancellor's houſe. The Chancellor being informed of the whole proceedings, ordered the doctor to be brought to him, when Rabelais made an elegant remonſtrance in favour of the ſtudents at Montpellier, and obtained an immediate order for their liberation, with a re-eſtabliſhment in all the liberties of which they had been deprived.

The following is a tranſlation of an epitaph, written for Rabelais, by a French wit:

Pluto, prince of horrid legions,
Who ne'er in lively laugh partook,
Take Rabelais to your regions,
And Hell by laughter will be ſhook.

REPASTS.

DIFFERENT nations have different ceremonies at their repaſts. We collect the following moſt ſingular from '*L'Eſprit des Uſages et des Coûtumes*:'

The Maldavian Iſlanders eat alone. They retire into the moſt hidden parts of their houſes; and they draw down the cloths that ſerve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobſerved. This cuſtom probably ariſes (remarks our philoſophick authour) from the ſavage, in the early periods of ſociety, concealing himſelf to eat: he fears that another, with as ſharp an appetite, but more ſtrong than himſelf, ſhould come and raviſh his meal from him. Beſides, the ideas of witchcraft are widely ſpread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that ſome incantation may be thrown amongſt their victuals.

In noticing the ſolitary meal of the Maldavian Iſlander, another reaſon may be alledged for this miſanthropical repaſt. They never will eat with any

one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to ſettle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unſociable life.

On the contrary, the Iſlanders of the Philippines are remarkably ſociable. Whenever one of them finds himſelf without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and, we are aſſured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to ſatisfy it without a gueſt.

Montaigne obſerves, when ſavages eat, they '*S'eſſuyent les doigts aux cuiſſes, à la bourſe des génitoires, et à la plante des pieds.*' The indelicacy of this paſſage prevents us from tranſlating it. Thanks to civilization, we enjoy the accommodation of table-cloths and napkins.

The tables of the rich Chineſe ſhine with a beautiful varniſh, and are covered with ſilk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make uſe of plates, knives, or forks: every gueſt has two little ivory or ebony ſticks, which he handles very expertly.

The Otaheitans, who are lovers of ſociety, and very gentle in their manners, feed ſeparate from each other. At the hour of repaſt, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two ſiſters, and even huſband and wife, father and mother, have each their reſpective baſket. They place themſelves at the diſtance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound ſilence.

The cuſtom of drinking, at different hours from thoſe aſſigned for eating, is to be met with amongſt many ſavage nations. It was originally begun from neceſſity. It became an habit, which ſubſiſted even when the fountain was near to them. 'A people tranſplanted,' obſerves our ingenious philoſopher, 'preſerve, in another climate, modes of living which relate to thoſe from whence they originally came.

It is thus the Indians of Brazil ſcrupulouſly abſtain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.'

When neither decency or politeneſs are known, the man who invites his friends to a repaſt, is greatly embarraſſed to teſtify his eſteem for his gueſts, and to preſent them with ſome amuſement; for the ſavage gueſts impoſes on him this obligation. Amongſt the greater part of the American Indians, the hoſt is continually on the watch to ſolicit them to eat, but touches nothing himſelf. In New France, he wearies himſelf with ſinging, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wiſh to ſhow our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations; and it is ſaid that, in China, the maſter of the houſe, to give a mark of his politeneſs, abſents himſelf while his gueſts regale themſelves at his table with undiſturbed revelry.

The demonſtrations of friendſhip, in a rude ſtate, have a ſavage and groſs character, which it is not a little curious to obſerve. The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to preſs him to drink; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No cuſtoms ſeem more ridiculous than thoſe practiſed by a Kamtſchadale, when he wiſhes to make another his friend. He firſt invites him to eat. The hoſt and his gueſt ſtrip themſelves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the gueſt devours the food with which they ſerve him, the other continually ſtirs the fire. The ſtranger muſt bear the exceſs of the heat as well as of the repaſt. He often ejects ten times before he will yield: but, at length, obliged to acknowledge himſelf overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchaſes a moment's reſpite by a preſent of clothes or dogs; for his hoſt threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige

him to eat till he dies. The ſtranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the ſame manner, and exacts the ſame preſents. Should his hoſt not accept the invitation of his gueſt, whom he has ſo handſomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the preſents he had in ſo ſingular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant cuſtom, a curious reaſon has been alledged. It is meant to put the perſon to a trial whoſe friendſhip is ſought. The Kamtſchadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repaſt, is deſirous to know if the ſtranger has the ſtrength to ſupport pain with him, and if he is generous enough to ſhare with him ſome part of his property. While the gueſt is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an inſupportable degree; and, for a laſt proof of the ſtranger's conſtancy and attachment, he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The hoſt paſſes through the ſame ceremonies in the cabin of the ſtranger; and he ſhows, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the moſt ſingular cuſtoms would appear ſimple, if it were poſſible for the philoſopher to contemplate them on the ſpot.

As a diſtinguiſhing mark of their eſteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the ſame time. The king of Loango eats in one houſe and drinks in another. A Kamtſchadale kneels before his gueſt; he cuts an enormous ſlice from a ſea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiouſly crying out—'*Tana!*'—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, ſnatches and ſwallows it with avidity.

In Europe, we know it is not uncuſtomary to take coffee, or ſome other liquor, to aid digeſtion. But in Omana, every perſon, before he ſits down to a meal, receives a clyſter.

The ancient monarchs of France, after their coro-

nation, or conſecration, were, when they ſat at table, ſerved by the nobility on horſeback.

RESEMBLANCE.

Of two perſons exactly and perfectly alike, perhaps there never was an inſtance. We have, however, various accounts of twins, whoſe complexions, features, ſizes, and even inclinations, ſo cloſely reſembled each other, that perſons moſt accuſtomed to ſee them, have miſtaken one for the other.

Virgil makes mention of two brothers who were the admiration of every one, from the reſemblance of their countenances, and the conformity of their diſpoſitions.

We have been informed, by an old and reſpectable gentleman, on whoſe veracity we reſt with the greateſt confidence, that ſome years ſince in London, he knew of twins, then about twelve years old, whoſe ſizes, complexions, and features, appeared exactly the ſame. Their parents were fond of making them wear clothes of the ſame make and colour, which often gave riſe to ſome very ſingular and diverting incidents. They received the ſame education, and it was obſerved by many, that they would give nearly the ſame anſwers to the ſame queſtions; from which it was concluded, that their mode of thinking, and contemplating on objects which preſented themſelves to them, was the ſame, and that they did not reſemble each other leſs in their mental powers and abilities, than in the formation of their bodies, which conſtituted their external ſimilitude.

Paſquier, in his *Hiſtoire des Seigneurs de Sciſſome*, gives this ſingular and curious account of two brothers, who wonderfully reſembled each other.

Nicolas and Claude Rouſſi, twin brothers, were born on the 7th of April, 1548; they reſembled each

other ſo exactly, that their nurſes were obliged to put them on different coloured bracelets for a diſtinguiſhing mark. In proportion as they grew up, their reſemblance continued in the ſame perfection; their countenances, ſizes, and even the attitude of their bodies, were of ſuch ſtrict conformity, that the moſt trifling difference was not diſcernable. Their geſtures, tone of voice, method of acting, diſpoſitions, and inclinations, tallied with each other in the moſt wonderful equability; inſomuch, that when they were dreſſed alike, not even their parents could diſcern any difference between them.

They were educated at college, and afterwards introduced at court; the eldeſt was page of the chamber to Anthony de Bourbon, king of Navarre, and the youngeſt to Henry de Bourbon, his ſon, afterwards king of France. Charles IX was particularly partial to them; he took great delight in looking at them when they were together, among a number of other perſons, to diſcover ſome mark of difference between them; but neither he, or any of his courtiers, could ever diſtinguiſh the one from the other.

They were both excellent players at tennis, but the youngeſt was the beſt. Sometimes, when the eldeſt was playing, and appeared likely to loſe the game, he would feign ſome cauſe for quitting the party, go to his brother, change dreſſes, and ſend him to finiſh the game, which he generally won by his ſuperiour play, without the difference being perceived by either the players or the perſons about them.

The eldeſt aſked for the Viſcounteſs d'Eſclavole in marriage, and obtained her promiſe. The youngeſt felt the ſame inclination, without knowing of his brother's engagement, and on being informed of it, he gave up the idea. Thus, ſays Paſquier, the ſame accidents which happened to one in the courſe of his life, happened to the other; the ſame diſeaſes, the

ſame wounds at the ſame inſtant, and even in the ſame parts of the bodies; and when the youngeſt fell ſick with the complaint of which he died, at the age of thirty, his brother was affected with the ſame malady, but recovered by the greater abilities of his phyſician. When he heard of his brother's death, he fainted away, and remained for ſome time without any ſigns of life; he, however, revived, and lived for many years after.

REVENGE.

It is commonly ſaid, 'revenge is ſweet,' but ſurely it can only be ſo to thoſe weak minds who are incapable of ſupporting an injury. Revenge is the vice of children, women, and fools. An elevated mind is ſuperiour to injuries, and pardons them.

The fanatick Felton, who killed the duke of Buckingham, was ſo revengeful, that when he once called a gentleman out who had offended him, and was fearful that the ſuperiour rank of his enemy would make him refuſe the challenge, he ſent him at the ſame time one of his fingers, which he cut off himſelf. 'I would have him know,' ſaid he, 'what that man, who can cut himſelf to pieces, is capable of, to revenge an injury.'

An Italian, who had quarrelled with one of his neighbours, became dangerouſly ill; his phyſicians gave him over. It was told to his enemy, who immediately went to his houſe, and aſked to ſee him; when he was informed that he was dying, he ran quickly into his chamber, ſaying to himſelf, 'he ſhall not die but by my hands.'

When he came near his bed, he ſtabbed him, and run away. The ſick man loſt a great quantity of

blood, but it produced the moſt happy effects, for it reſtored him to life and health.

Another Italian, who, at the period of ten years after receiving an injury, was informed that his enemy, whom he had been ſeeking, was gone to the Eaſt Indies, he immediately went after him; and finding him in a ſituation unable to defend himſelf, aſſaſſinated him.

An Italian nobleman, who had a large park, wherein he kept a number of ſtags, ordered his ſervants not to kill any of them. One of them was ſo unfortunate as to break this order, for in endeavouring to get ſome other game, he, without the leaſt intent, killed one of the ſtags which had concealed itſelf in the buſhes. The poor fellow, dreading his maſter's anger, ran away, embarked for Genis, and was taken priſoner by the Algerines.

The Italian being informed, ſome time after, that his ſervant was a ſlave at Algiers, went immediately to Cardinal Janſon, who was then at Rome, and deſired him to write to the French conſul to ranſom this unfortunate man, let it be whatever ſum they aſked. The cardinal, delighted with this generoſity, wrote immediately to the conſul, who ranſomed the ſlave directly, and ſent him to Rome.

The gentleman thanked his eminence, paid him the money for the ranſom, and ſome days afterwards ordered his miſerable ſervant to be killed, whom he had only emancipated from the ſhackles of ſlavery, to be revenged on him for his diſobedience, involuntary as it was.

Muret gives an account, in his Letters, of an Engliſh lady, who, when ſhe found herſelf dying, ſent for her huſband; and after endeavouring to excite his ſenſibility by a recital of her ſufferings, ſhe begged of him to pardon her in her laſt moments, for a crime which ſhe had been guilty of towards him.

The huſband promiſing to grant her requeſt, ſhe

acknowledged to have been unfaithful to his bed. 'I forgive you,' replied the huſband; 'and I hope I ſhall obtain forgiveneſs from you, for the harm I have done to you.' The wife readily promiſing this, 'It is,' ſaid the huſband, 'that knowing you to be guilty of what you have acknowledged, I have given you poiſon: it is the cauſe of your death.'

In the apology of Herodotus, we read of an Italian, who, though apparently reconciled with his enemy for ſeveral years, always retained a violent and ſecret hatred againſt him.

One evening, when they were walking together in an unfrequented place, the Italian ſeized his companion behind, threw him down, placed a dagger to his throat, and threatened to kill him, if he did not deny the exiſtence of the Almighty. The other, after ſome time, and with much menacing, did as he was required, in order to evade the death which awaited him. The Italian no ſooner heard the avowal that he demanded, than he plunged the dagger in his heart, and retired, vaunting that he had taken the moſt terrible revenge in the world; for he had cauſed both his enemy's body and ſoul to periſh at one time.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.

From the following inſtances of royal munificence, it will be perceived its objects were not always thoſe who 'deſerved well of their country;' men of genius, or of learning. Merit has ſeldom attracted the attention of monarchs: and, perhaps, this ariſes from their general inability to judge of it.

Chevreau informs us, the Sultan Oſman obſerving one of his gardeners to plant a cabbage with great dexterity, he made him viceroy, or beblerbeg of the iſle of Cyprus! as if there was no difference in plant-

ing a cabbage expertly, and properly governing a little ſtate.

Marc Antony very liberally gave a Roman citizen's houſe to a cook, who made him a nice ſoup juſt when he happened to have a good appetite.

It is recorded of Henry VIII, that he raiſed a ſervant to a conſiderable dignity, becauſe he had taken care to have a roaſted boar prepared for him, when his majeſty happened to be in the humour of feaſting on one!

When Cardinal de Monte was elected Pope, before he left the conclave, he beſtowed a Cardinal's hat upon a ſervant, whoſe chief merit conſiſted in the daily attentions he paid to his holineſs's monkey!

Louis Barbier owed all his good fortune to the familiar knowledge he had of Rabelais. He knew his Rabelais by heart. This ſerved to introduce him to the duke of Orleans, who took great pleaſure in reading that authour. It was for this he gave him an abbey, and he was gradually promoted till he became a cardinal.

George Villiers was ſuddenly raiſed from a private ſtation, and loaded with wealth and honours by James the Firſt, merely for his perſonal beauty. Almoſt all the favourites of James became ſo from their handſomeneſs.

M. de Chamillart, miniſter of France, owed his promotion merely to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV at billiards. He retired with a penſion, after ruining the finances of his country.

The duke of Luines was originally a country lad, who inſinuated himſelf into the favour of Louis XIII, then young, by making bird traps *(pié grieches)* to catch ſparrows. It was little expected (ſays Voltaire) that theſe puerile amuſements were to be terminated by a moſt ſanguinaty revolution. De Luines, after cauſing his patron, the Marſhal of Ancre,

to be aſſaſſinated; the Queen Mother to be impriſoned; raiſed himſelf to a title and the moſt tyrannical power.

Walter Raleigh owed his promotion to an act of gallantry. Queen Elizabeth was one day walking, when Raleigh obſerving a wet place likely to incommode her royal feet, he immediately ſpread his new pluſh cloak upon the mire. The queen ſtepped cautiouſly, and paſſed over dry. This piece of gallantry was particularly noticed by the queen, and ſhortly after from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in this vain queen's favour. Sir Chriſtopher Hatton was indebted for his preferment to his dancing. 'Queen Elizabeth,' ſays Dr. Granger, 'with all her ſagacity, could not ſee the future Lord Chancellor in the fine dancer.'

We ſhall conclude this article, with the following extract from the ſame writer: 'Nothing could form a more curious collection of memoirs than anecdotes of preferment. Could the ſecret hiſtory of great men be traced, it would appear that merit is rarely the firſt ſtep to advancement. It would much oftener be found to be owing to ſuperficial qualifications, and even vices.'

SCULPTURE.

Of the probable origin of this ingenious art, Pliny gives the following pleaſing anecdote:

Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, at the eve of a long ſeparation. A repetition of vows of conſtancy, and a ſtay prolonged to a very late hour, overpowered, at length, the faculties of the youth, and he fell faſt aſleep; the nymph, however, whoſe imagination was more alert, obſerving, that by the light of a lamp, her admirer's profile was

ſtrongly marked on the wall, eagerly ſnatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inſpired by love, traced the outline with ſuch ſucceſs, that her father, when he chanced to ſee the ſketch, determined to preſerve, if poſſible, the effect. With this view, he formed a kind of clay model from it, which firſt eſſay of the kind had the honour to be preſerved in the publick repoſitory of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its deſtruction by that enemy to the arts, Mummius Achaicus.

SILENCE.

It has generally been conſidered, and with much propriety, that, to obſerve the moſt rigid ſilence, is the ſafeſt conduct for thoſe to purſue, who cannot depend upon their abilities. Accurſius, relates the following anecdote:

'The Romans having requeſted the Athenians to communicate thoſe laws to them which Solon had dictated; the grand council of Athens aſſembled to conſider on the demand. It was reſolved that one of the Grecian ſages ſhould be ſent to Rome, to ſee whether the Romans were entitled by their wiſdom to have theſe laws; with orders, that if they were not, to bring the laws back, without communicating them.

'This reſolution was not formed ſo ſecretly, as to prevent the Roman ſenate from being informed of it. On hearing it, they were much embarraſſed; for it was a time when Rome did not poſſeſs philoſophers ſufficiently profound and learned to contend with a Grecian ſage. The queſtion then was, to find ſome expedient to diſentangle themſelves from this dilemma. The ſenate determined, that there was nothing better, than to oppoſe a fool to the Grecian philoſopher, with this view, that if by chance the fool

prevailed, it would be a great honour to the Romans, that one of their fools had confounded one of the Grecian ſages; and if the latter triumphed, it would be no great glory to the Athenians for having overcome a fool. They alſo reſolved, that ſome of their moſt learned men ſhould diſguiſe themſelves as labourers, and appear to be working on the roads on the day that the Grecian ambaſſadour ſhould come to Rome, and when they ſaw him, ſome ſhould addreſs him in Latin, ſome in Greek, and others in Hebrew.

'The Athenian ambaſſadour, on his entering into Rome, was addreſſed by theſe men in the different languages; he was met by the ſenate, and conducted to the capitol, not without making many reflections on how great the learning of the Romans muſt be, when the common labourers ſpoke the various languages with ſuch elegance. When he arrived at the capitol, he was introduced into an apartment ſuperbly furniſhed, where they had placed the fool in a chair, dreſſed as a ſenatour, and with the ſtricteſt injunctions not to ſpeak a word.

'The ambaſſadour, prepoſſeſſed with the idea of the ſenatour being extremely learned, thought he did not wiſh to ſpeak. Under this impreſſion, the Athenian, without ſaying a word, held up one of his fingers. The fool, thinking it was a threat to put out one of his eyes, and remembering he was ordered not to ſpeak, held up three of his, to ſignify, that if the Grecian put out one of his eyes, he in turn would put out both his, and with the third finger choak him.

'The philoſopher, who in elevating his finger, only meant to convey his idea of there being but one ſupreme, who governed all, imagined that the fool's holding up three fingers, was to indicate, that to God, the paſt, the preſent, and the future, were equally known, and judged from that, that he was a very learned man.

'After this he opened his hand, and ſhowed it to the fool, wiſhing to expreſs that nothing was concealed from the Almighty; but the fool taking this ſign portended him a ſlap on the face, preſented his fiſt to the philoſopher, to give him to underſtand, that for a ſlap he would give him a punch.

'On the contrary, the Greek, already prejudiced in favour of the fool, imagined, that by this geſture he meant to ſay, that God held the univerſe in his hand; and judging from that of the profound wiſdom of the Romans, he gave them the laws of Solon.'

SNEEZING.

CHEVREAU, in his *Hiſtoire du Monde*, remarks, 'that during the reign of Phocas, there was ſuch a dreadful plague, that the perſons who aſſiſted at the proceſſions which pope Gregory the Great ordered for the purpoſe of averting it, died ſneezing. Virgil, Sigonius, and others, aſſure us, that from this event aroſe the cuſtom of ſaying, "*God ſave, aſſiſt, or bleſs you*," to perſons who ſneeze. But,' continues Chevreau, 'this is a miſtake, as the hiſtory of the gallant in Apuleius, and of Gyton, by Petronius, proves. The Jewiſh doctors, on the authority of Rabbi Eliezer, as may be ſeen in his *Pirké Avot*, believe that Jacob was the firſt who died of diſeaſe; that before him every one died with ſneezing, and that afterwards no one died in this way, owing to the by-ſtanders expreſſing ſome good wiſh to the perſon who ſneezed; the chief words uſed were, *haim, tobim*—'*health, long life.*'

'The learned Perkins, and Giſbert Voet, condemns our following this cuſtom, becauſe it is derived from the Jews and Gentiles; as if Chriſtians ſhould fooliſhly reject all thoſe maxims and cuſtoms which

have been tranſmitted to us either from one or the other. They add, that it is criminal to adopt them, ſince the fathers of the church have condemned them.

'To this may be anſwered, that they only condemned ſuperſtition, and the augurs who predicted certain conſequences from ſneezing in the evening, in the morning, at midnight, at certain hours, towards the left or right, under the ſign of Aries and Taurus, Sagittarius, or Capricorn; and it required but common ſenſe to be certain that ſneezing at theſe times particularly, preſaged neither good or evil.'

But if we kindly wiſh good fortune, or health, to our relations and friends, when they are going a long voyage, or undertake an important concern, where is the harm of ſaying, *God ſave you*, &c. when they ſneeze? ſince ſneezing is certainly a convulſion, though of ſhort duration, and prejudicial, when violent and frequent. We are alſo informed by hiſtorians and phyſicians, that death has followed ſneezing, and that it is not unfrequently a ſign of it.

Some have ſaid, this is very true, and aſk, why we do not offer the ſame wiſh for a *certain exploſion*, that often accompanies ſneezing, and frequently happens by itſelf?

Montaigne has explained this with his uſual freedom: '*Me demandez-vous d'ou vient cette coûtume de bénir ceux qui éternuent? Nous produiſons trois ſortes de vents; celui qui ſort par en ..... eſt trop ſale; celui qui ſort par la bouche porte quelque reproche de gourmandiſe; le troiſième eſt l'éternuement; et parce qu'il vient de la tête, & eſt ſans blâme, nous lui faiſons cet honnête recueil. Ne vous moquez pas de cette ſubtilité; elle eſt, dit on, d'Ariſtotle.*'

This refinement of Ariſtotle's (if it is his) is very ridiculous. According to Suetonius, the emperour Claudius being informed that a man had died from

not taking this liberty, publiſhed an edict, by which he permitted it to be done even at table.

SOMNABULIST.

We tranſlate this very remarkable account of a perſon who walked in his ſleep, from the Vigneul Marvilliana; the narrator ſays,

'One of my friends having invited me to paſs a few days in the country, I accepted his offer, and met with much good company, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction: among them, there was an Italian gentleman, whoſe name was Agoſtino Fotari, who walked in his ſleep, and performed all the ordinary actions of life as well as when awake.

'He did not appear to be above thirty years of age, very thin, dark complexion, melancholy appearance; of a ſolid penetrating genius, capable of comprehending the moſt abſtract ſciences. The approach of his derangement was generally at the increaſe of the moon, and ſtronger during autumn and winter than ſpring and ſummer. I had a ſtrange curioſity to ſee what they ſaid of him. I communicated my wiſhes to his valet; he told me wonderful things, and promiſed to inform me when his maſter performed this pleaſant ſcene.

'One evening, near the end of October, we ſat down after ſupper to play at cards. Signor Agoſtino was of the party, but ſoon retired to bed. About eleven o'clock, his valet came to inform us, his maſter was affected, if we wiſhed to ſee him. I obſerved him ſome time, with a candle in my hand; he was ſleeping on his back, and ſlept with his eyes open, but they were ſteadily fixed; this, according to his valet's account, was a certain ſign of approaching derangement. I felt his hands; they were very cold, and his pulſe ſo languid, that it ſeemed as though his

blood did not circulate. Near about midnight, Signor Agoſtino violently pulled back the curtains of his bed, got up, and dreſſed himſelf very quickly. I went towards him, and placed a candle near his noſe, to which he was totally inſenſible; his eyes were wide open. Before he put on his hat, he took his belt, which hung on the bed poſt, but from which his ſword had been taken for fear of an accident. Thus dreſſed, he made ſeveral turns round his chamber, then went towards the fire, and ſeated himſelf in an arm chair.

'A ſhort time after this, he went into a cloſet where his portmanteau was; this he ſearched a long time, turned every thing out, replaced them again in good order, and put the key in his pocket, from whence he took a letter, and placed it on the mantlepiece. He then went to the chamber door, opened it, and deſcended the ſtairs; when he had got to the bottom, one of us jumped with great force; this ſeemed to frighten him, and he redoubled his pace.

'His valet deſired us to walk ſlowly, and not to ſpeak, becauſe when the noiſe which is made mixes with his dream, he becomes furious, and runs very faſt, as though he were purſued.

'Signor Agoſtino now traverſed the court-yard, which was very ſpacious, and went to the ſtable; he entered it, careſſed his horſe, bridled, and wanted to ſaddle it; and not finding the ſaddle in its uſual place, he appeared much diſturbed, like a perſon out of his ſenſes. He mounted the horſe, and galloped to the door of the houſe; it was ſhut; he diſmounted, took a ſtone, and ſtruck very forcibly againſt one of the pannels. After ſeveral uſeleſs efforts to open the door, he led his horſe towards a pond, which was on the other ſide of the court-yard, let it drink, then tied it to a poſt, and came back to the houſe in a tranquil ſtate.

'To the noiſe which the ſervants made in the kit-

chen, he was very attentive, went towards the door, and placed his ear to the key-hole. On a ſudden, he went to a parlour, where there was a billiard table; there he ſtruck the balls, and put himſelf in all the different poſtures which people who play the game find it neceſſary to aſſume ſometimes. From thence he went to an harpſichord, on which he played tolerably well, but it ſeemed to diſorder him very much. At laſt, after two hours' exerciſe, he returned to his chamber, and threw himſelf, dreſſed as he was, on the bed, where we found him at nine o'clock next morning in the poſture we left him.

'In theſe paroxyſms, he always ſlept nine or ten hours. His valet informed us, there were but two ways of rouſing him—one to tickle the bottom of his feet; the other, to ſound a horn, or play a trumpet at his ears.'

SUMMER-HOUSE.

In the *Fureteriana* there is this deſcription of a beautifully curious cryſtal ſummer-houſe, belonging to the king of Siam. Furetiere ſays, he had the account of it from a friend, who had the pleaſure of ſitting in it.

The king of Siam has in one of his country palaces, a moſt ſingular pavilion. The tables, the chairs, the cloſets, &c. are all compoſed of cryſtal. The walls, the ceiling, and the floors, are formed of pieces of plate glaſs, of about an inch thick, and ſix feet ſquare, ſo nicely united by a cement, which is as tranſparent as glaſs itſelf, that the moſt ſubtile fluid cannot penetrate. There is but one door, which ſhuts ſo cloſely, that it is as impenetrable to the water as the reſt of this ſingular building. A Chineſe engineer conſtructed it thus as a certain remedy againſt the inſupportable heat of the climate. This

pavilion is twenty-eight feet in length, and ſeventeen in breadth; it is placed in the midſt of a great baſin, paved and ornamented with marble of various colours. They fill this baſin with water in about a quarter of an hour, and it is emptied as quickly. When you enter the pavilion, the door is immediately cloſed, and cemented with maſtick, to hinder the water from entering; it is then they open the ſluices; and this great baſin is ſoon filled with water, which is even ſuffered to overflow the land; ſo that the pavilion is entirely under water, except the top of the dome, which is left untouched for the benefit of reſpiration. Nothing is more charming than the agreeable coolneſs of this delicious place, while the extreme ardour of the ſun boils on the ſurface of the freſheſt fountains.

SUMMER-SHOWERS.

For this curious obſervation, we are indebted to the learned biſhop Huet.

In the ſummer, after ſome days of fine weather, during the heat of the day, if a ſtorm happens, accompanied with a few light ſhowers of rain: and if the ſun appears immediately after, with all its uſual ardour, it burns the foliage and the flowers on which the rain had fallen, and deſtroys the hopes of the orchard. The burning heat, which the ardour of the ſun produces at that time on the leaves and flowers, is equal to the intenſe heat of *burning iron*. Naturaliſts have ſought for the cauſe of this ſtrange effect, but they have ſaid nothing which ſatisfies a reaſonable mind. This is, however, the fact: In the ſerene days of the ſummer, it is viſible that there gathers on the foliage and the flowers, as, indeed, on every other part, a little duſt, ſometimes more and ſometimes leſs, ſcattered by the wind. When the

rain falls on this duſt, the drops mix together, and take an oval or round form, as we may frequently obſerve in our houſes, on the duſty floor or cieling, when they ſcatter water before they ſweep them. It is thus theſe globes of water, mingled on the foliage, form ſo many of thoſe convex glaſſes which we call Burning Mirrors, and which produce the ſame effect. Should the rain be heavy and laſt long, the ſun would not then produce this burning heat, becauſe the force and the duration of the rain will have deſtroyed the duſt which formed theſe drops of water; and theſe drops, loſing their globular form, in which alone conſiſted their cauſtick power, will be diſperſed without any extraordinary effect.

SUPERSTITION.

Opinions obſolete with the learned, deſcend to the crowd. Hence the modern belief in amulets and charms.

Formerly, among the Romans, it was neceſſary to conſult the appetites of the ſacred pullets, before they elected a magiſtrate or went to battle.

Auguſtus, an emperour who governed with wiſdom, and whoſe reign was flouriſhing, having put his right ſlipper on his left foot, and his left ſlipper on his right foot, remained immoveable with conſternation when he perceived it.

From the annals of France, we learn, that in the year 793, that country was afflicted with a very ſevere famine; the ears of corn were empty, and ſtrange ſupernatural beings were heard in the air, announcing themſelves to be demons, who had ravaged the harveſt, in order to puniſh the people for not paying the clergy their tythes; and de St. Foix, who relates this anecdote, ſays, in conſequence of this demonaical interference, they were ordered to be

diſcharged: he concludes, with humourouſly aſking, 'how the devils came to intereſt themſelves ſo warmly in behalf of the prieſthood?'

Near the abbey of Clairvaux, in Swiſſerland, there is a tradition, that an evil ſpirit lies beneath a mountain, enchained by St. Bernard; and the ſmiths of that neighbourhood, when they go to work in the morning, always think it their duty to ſtrike three ſtrokes on their anvils, to rivet his fetters. This infernal being deſerves much leſs compaſſion than thoſe induſtrious phantoms, who, according to a reputable tradition, are ſtill to be heard, near a ſouthern cliff in Wales, conſtantly employed in hammering on the brazen wall, which Merlin intended for the defence of Britain. But the heedleſs enchanter, having, after he had ſent them to work, been decoyed by the lady of the lake, into a perpetual confinement, the poor ſpirits ſtill continue their unavailing labour, and muſt till Merlin regains his freedom.

In the kingdom of Loango, it is conſidered as a moſt unhappy preſage for the king, if any one ſhould ſee him eat or drink; for which reaſon he is entirely alone, not even a ſervant to wait on him, when he is at his meals. Perſons who have travelled in that kingdom, have communicated to us a very barbarous action of a king of Loango:

One of his ſons, about eight or nine years of age, having imprudently entered the dining ſaloon, at the moment he was drinking, he got up from the table, called the high-prieſt, who immediately ſeized the child, cut his throat, and rubbed his father's arms with the blood, to avert thoſe misfortunes which this preſage ſeemed to menace.

Another king of Loango ordered a dog to be killed, of which he was extremely fond, merely becauſe it followed him to his dinner, and was preſent while he ate.

The Jews of the preſent day believe that an apparition has power to appear viſibly, and to injure any perſon who is by himſelf, and in the dark. That to two perſons, though in the dark, the apparition has only power to ſhow itſelf, but not to do them any injury.

And to three perſons, being all together, though in the dark, the apparition has neither the power of ſhowing itſelf, or to injure any one of them.

The light of a ſingle ſmall candle is a ſafeguard to a man againſt the power of an apparition, ſo as not to be injured inviſibly.

That the light of a flambeau is of equal power againſt an apparition, when a perſon is alone, as when three are together.

They believe in evil ſpirits, and call them *kaytef myreeree*; they ſuppoſe that whirlwinds are occaſioned by them; that they are in all dunghills, and heaps of rubbiſh; and that they haunt the chambers of lying-in women.

Witchcraft has alſo a ſhare of their belief; the power of *gayin harang*, or 'an evil eye,' they dread very much. To guard againſt this, ſome wear a piece of parchment with cabaliſtick words written on it; ſome, a piece of coral, in the ſhape of a hand and arm; while others carry a piece of garlick, or a bit of the *apheekoman* of paſſover. Thoſe who do not carry any of theſe charms about them, are careful of covering their forehead when they are apprehenſive of any danger from an evil eye, by any perſon looking at them ſteadily for ſome time. There are ſome women amongſt them who pretend to cure all diſtempers, which they believe proceed from an evil eye, by the ſympathy of fumigation. Some part of the garment is ſent to the doctreſs, which ſhe holds over ſome ſmoaking materials of her compoſition, muttering ſome words over the garment under the operation, and that garment being returned in a

a few minutes to the patient to wear immediately, never fails of giving relief, unleſs their malady has been of too long ſtanding, before the old woman ſmoaked them.

Of the ſtrange ſuperſtitions of remote ages, the trials which thoſe ſuſpected of criminality were compelled to ſuſtain, were the moſt ſtrange, and on which the philoſopher cannot reflect without pain.

The Ordeal, conſiſted of various kinds: walking blind-fold amidſt heated plough-ſhares; paſſing through two fires; holding in the hand a red-hot bar; and plunging the hand into boiling water. Challenging the accuſer to ſingle combat, when frequently the ſtouteſt champion was allowed to ſupply their place; the ſwallowing a morſel of conſecrated bread; the ſinking or ſwimming in a river for witchcraft; and various others. By the artifices of the prieſt, they were ſometimes eluded; numberleſs innocent victims, however, fell ſacrifices to ſuch barbarous ſuperſtitions. Melancholy contemplation!

In the twelfth century, they were very common. Hildebert, biſhop of Mans, being accuſed of high-treaſon by our William Rufus, was preparing to undergo one of theſe trials; when Ives, biſhop of Chartres, convinced him that they were againſt the canons of the conſtitutions of the church, and adds, that in this manner, *Innocentiam defendere, eſt innocentiam perdere.*

An abbot of St. Aubin, of Angers, who lived in 1066, having refuſed to preſent a horſe to the viſcount of Touars, which the viſcount claimed in right of his lordſhip, whenever an abbot firſt took poſſeſſion of the ſaid abbey, the eccleſiaſtick offered to juſtify himſelf by the trial of the ordeal, or by duel, for which he propoſed to furniſh a man. The viſcount, at firſt, agreed to the duel; but, reflecting that theſe combats, though ſanctioned by the church, depended

wholly on the ſkill or vigour of the adverſary, and could, therefore, afford no ſubſtantial proof of the equity of his claim, he propoſed to compromiſe the matter in a manner which ſtrongly characterizes the times: he waved his claim, on condition that the abbot ſhould not forget to mention, in his prayers, himſelf, his wife, and his brothers. The abbot accepted the propoſal, conceiving, we ſuppoſe, the *horſe* to be of more value than his *prayers*.

Pope Eugene approved of, and even introduced, the trial by immerſion in cold water.

It was about that time, alſo, that thoſe who were accuſed of robbery, were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the maſs had been ſaid; and, if they could not ſwallow it, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved, by adding to the *bread* a ſlice of *cheeſe*; and ſuch were the credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in theſe ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in the compoſition of this holy *bread* and *cheeſe*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheeſe made of ewe's milk of the month of May, no other of the twelve months having any power to detect a criminal.

It is obſerved by Du Cange, that the expreſſion we have long employed—'*May this piece of bread choak me!*' comes from this cuſtom.

It is recorded in our hiſtory, that earl Godwin died in making this aſſeveration while ſwallowing a piece of bread. If the anecdote is true, we can only ſay, the earl was ſingularly unfortunate.

Voltaire remarks, that they were acquainted in thoſe times with *ſecrets* to paſs, unhurt, theſe ſingular trials. He particularly mentions one for undergoing that of boiling water. Theſe are his words—'The whole ſecret is ſaid to conſiſt in rubbing one's ſelf a long time with the ſpirit of vitriol and allum, together with the juice of an onion. None of the

Academies of Science in our days, have attempted to verify, by experiments, a truth well known to quacks and mountebanks.'

We ſhall conclude this article, with the opinion of the Rabbins on the reſurrection, and which the modern Jews believe. They ſay, it will not be general, *Gentiles and Chriſtians are to be excluded, as they are claſſed with beaſts and not with men!!!* They alſo except thoſe who periſhed in the general deluge; Iſraelites who have lived improperly; and impious men, whoſe ſouls are reduced to nothing. The reſurrection is effected through the means of a ſmall bone, called *luz*, and by the Arabians *aibi*, which is the eighteenth vertebra of the ſpine, and will reſiſt iron, time, and fire. This bone, however, muſt be ſoftened by the dew; becauſe it is ſo written in *Iſaiah*, xxvi. 19. When mollified, it ferments, and has the ſame virtue as the earth which God uſed to form the firſt man. The bones and nerves, and other parts of the body, aſſume their proper places, and thus is the reſurrection of the body effected!!!— Believe it who pleaſes.

TACITUS.

THE following obſervations on this much admired hiſtorian, are from the pen of the critical biſhop Huet. He writes thus:

'I do not pretend to diminiſh the eſteem in which the merit of Tacitus is generally held, for his penetration into the motives of the events which he relates, and for his political prudence; I only wiſh to diſcover their ſource.

'He was thoroughly acquainted with the deep and radical corruption of the human heart, and with the paſſions, which are the main ſprings of human actions. He knew well that there was

ſcarcely one man whoſe virtue was pure, and untainted with intereſt and ſelf-love. It was on theſe principles that he founded his arguments and his conjectures. And when he ſought for the motives of an action, the moſt blameable often appeared to him the moſt credible, and he was perſuaded, that the ſureſt means of not being deceived in ſeeking for truth, was to think the worſt.

'This maxim is certainly uſeful, when it is not abuſed; but he carried it to too great an extent, and from being too ſuſpicious and miſtruſtful, he has often deprived true merit of its due praiſe. We ſhould not do him any injuſtice, if we were to treat him as he has treated others, and attribute his opinions to the ſame cauſe he has attributed the actions which he relates—I mean, to the malignity of the human heart; and we ſhould not be wrong, if we were, on the ſame principle, to reject the great approbation which his works have received.

'It is true, that we ſhould ſoon turn with diſguſt from the writings of a perpetual and inſipid panegyriſt. The ſalt of ſlander is an agreeable and poignant reliſh to reading. Tacitus is loaded with praiſes, becauſe he has ſeldom praiſed any one.'

TITLES.

It is curious to notice the abſurd and ridiculous titles, which deſpots have created and claimed for themſelves. It ſhould ſeem as if it was the quality of ſupreme power, to enervate the poſſeſſers' minds. In the third and fourth ages of Rome, the emperors ſtyled themſelves *divinities!* In 404, this law of Arcadius and Honorius was publiſhed:

'Let the officers of the palace be warned to abſtain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and that thoſe who, inſtigated by a *ſacrilegious* temerity

dare to oppoſe the authority of *our divinity*, ſhall be deprived of their employments, and their eſtates confiſcated.' The letters they write are *holy*. When the ſons ſpeak of their fathers, it is—'Their father of *divine* memory;' or—'Their *divine* father.' They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celeſtial* oracles. So alſo their ſubjects addreſs them by the titles of—'*Your Perpetuity—Your Eternity.*' And it appears by a law of Theodore the Great, that the emperors, at length, added this to their titles. It begins thus—'If any magiſtrate, after having concluded a publick work, put his name rather than that of *our Perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high treaſon.'

The titles (obſerves de Meunier) which ſome chiefs aſſume, are not always honourable in themſelves; it is ſufficient if the people reſpect them. The king of Quiterva calls himſelf the *Great Lion*; and for this reaſon lions are there ſo much reſpected, that it is not permitted to kill them, but at certain royal huntings.

The chiefs of the Natches are regarded by their people as the children of the ſun, and they bear the name of their father.

The principal officers of the empire of Mexico, were diſtinguiſhed by the odd titles of *Princes of unerring javelins*; *Hackers of men*; and *Drinkers of blood.*

The king of Monomotapa is ſurrounded by muſicians and poets, who adulate him by ſuch refined flatteries as, *Lord of the ſun and moon*; *Great magician*; and *Great thief!*

The wild imaginations of the Aſiaticks have beſtowed as ridiculous titles of honour on their *princes*. The king of Arracan aſſumes the following ones: Emperor of Arracan; Poſſeſſor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this poſſeſſion, legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; lord

of the twelve provinces of Bengal; and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet.

His majeſty of Ava is called *God*: when he writes to a foreign ſovereign, he calls himſelf—The king of kings, whom all others ſhould obey, as he is the cauſe of the preſervation of all animals; the regulator of the ſeaſons, the abſolute maſter of the ebb and flow of the ſea, brother to the ſun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas!—Theſe umbrellas are always carried before him, as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the king of Achem, are ſingular though voluminous. We ſhall ſelect the moſt ſtriking ones. He is ſovereign of the univerſe, whoſe body is luminous as the ſun; whom God created to be as accompliſhed, as is the moon at her plenitude; whoſe eye glitters like the northern ſtar; a king as ſpiritual as a ball is round; who when he riſes ſhades all his people; from under whoſe feet a ſweet odour is wafted, &c. &c.

After a long enumeration of the countries poſſeſſed by the king of Perſia, they give him ſome poetical diſtinctions; *The branch of honour*; *the mirrour of virtue*; and *the roſe of delight*.

The title of *Illuſtrious*, was never given, till the reign of Conſtantine, but to thoſe whoſe reputation was ſplendid in arms or in letters. Flatterers had not yet received this word into their vocabulary. Suetonius has compoſed a book, to mention thoſe who had poſſeſſed this title; and, as it was *then* beſtowed, a moderate book was ſufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Conſtantine, the title of *Illuſtrious* was given more particularly to thoſe princes, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in war: but it was not continued to their deſcendants. At length, it became very common; and every ſon of a prince was *Illuſtrious*. It is now a word of little ſignification.

A French critick has well obſerved, that there is a very proper diſtinction to be made between the epithets of ILLUSTRIOUS and FAMOUS.

Niceron has entitled his celebrated work, *Memoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire des Hommes* ILLUSTRES *dans la Republique des Lettres.* The epithet ILLUSTRIOUS is always received in an honourable ſenſe; yet, in theſe Memoirs, are inſerted many authours, who have only writen with the deſign of combating religion and morality. Such writers as Vanini, Spinoſa, Woolſton, Toland, &c. had been better characterized under the more general epithet of FAMOUS; for it may be ſaid, that the 'ILLUSTRIOUS are FAMOUS, but that the FAMOUS are not always ILLUSTRIOUS.'

Formerly (ſays Houſſaie) the title of *Highneſs* was only given to kings; but now it has become ſo common, that all the great houſes aſſume it. All the great, ſays a modern, are deſirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to ſeize on the privileges of royal dignity. We are already arrived to *Highneſs.* The pride of our deſcendants, I ſuſpect, will uſurp that of *Majeſty.*

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and his queen Iſabella, of Caſtile, were only treated with the title of *Highneſs.* Charles was the firſt who took that of *Majeſty*; not in his quality of king of Spain, but as emperor.

Formerly kings were apoſtrophized by the title of *Your Grace.* Henry VIII was the firſt (ſays Houſſaie) who aſſumed the title of *Highneſs*; and at length *Majeſty.* It was Francis I, who began to give him this laſt title, in their interview in the year 1520.

So diſtinct were once the titles of *Highneſs* and *Excellence*, that when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II, was permitted to take up the latter title, and the city of Grenada ſaluted him by the title of

Highneſs, it occaſioned ſome ſerious jealouſy at court; and had he perſiſted in it, he would probably have been condemned for treaſon.

After theſe hiſtorical notices reſpecting titles, the reader will ſmile, when he is acquainted with the reaſon of an honeſt curate, of Montſerrat, who refuſed to beſtow the title of *Highneſs* on the duke of Mantova, becauſe he found in his breviary theſe words, *Tu ſolus Dominus, tu ſolus Altiſſimus*; from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *Highneſs!*

We cannot conclude this article, without noticing the folly and abſurdity of our monarchs ſtyling themſelves, '*Kings of France.*' Would it not be more conſiſtent with the dignity of the ſovereign of an enlightened nation, to wave this ideal claim?

TRANSLATION.

For the benefit of ſome of our modern tranſlators (or rather *traducers)* we copy the ſubſequent remarks from an old publication:

To render a *tranſlation* perfect, it is neceſſary to attend to theſe rules:—The tranſlator muſt poſſeſs a thorough knowledge of the two languages. He muſt be exact, not only in giving the thoughts of his authour, but even his own words, when they become eſſential and neceſſary. He muſt preſerve his ſpirit and peculiar genius. He muſt diſtinguiſh every character by its manners and its nature, by unfolding the ſenſe and the words with ſuitable phraſes and parallel expreſſions. He muſt yield beauties by other beauties, and figures by other figures, whenever the idiom of language does not admit of a cloſe verſion. He muſt not employ long ſentences, unleſs they ſerve to render the ſenſe more intelligible, and the diction more elegant. He muſt attempt a neatneſs in his

manner; and, to effect this, he must know skilfully to contract or enlarge his periods. He must unite the too concise sentences of his authour, if his style, like that of Tacitus, be close and abrupt. He must not only sedulously attempt precision and purity of diction, but he must strive also to embellish his version with those graces and images which frequently lie so closely hidden, that nothing but the being familiarly conversant with his authour can discover them. And, lastly, he must present us with the sentiments of his authour, without a servile attachment to his words or phrases, but rather, according to his spirit and his genius.

A translator is a painter, who labours after an original. He must carefully reveal the *traits* of his model. He copies, he does not compose. Whenever he trespasses on his limits, he ceases to be a *translator*, and becomes an *authour*.

TRAVELLERS.

A French writer remarks, that Addison, in one of his papers in the Spectator, returns thanks to Providence for being an Englishman; as the English language is more analogous to the taciturnity of his character; and the number of monosyllables, of which it is composed, affords him the means of expressing his ideas with as little sound as possible. 'Now I,' continues our writer, 'also thank the Almighty for having been born a Frenchman, because I am fond of rambling about; and it is very agreeable and convenient to me, to find my language spoken among all people throughout Europe; and this being the case, we never think of studying any other language, as with our own we may travel any where.'

The Parisians, in particular, are so persuaded

this is the fact, that they imagine there is ſcarcely a perſon on the face of the globe, but who underſtands French.

It is true, that in all the Chriſtian countries, the nobility, literary perſons, and moſt of thoſe above the lower order, ſtudy the French language in particular, and in general ſpeak it; but it is alſo true, that in every country in the world, the people ſpeak their own language, or peculiar dialect; and in the provinces of France, particularly, it is difficult to make them underſtand when they are ſpoken to even in French. The confidence with which the French travel about, ſpeaking their language indiſcriminately to all nations, and the certainty with which they think they muſt be underſtood, has often been productive of laughable miſtakes. The following is an example; and what renders it more really amuſing, is, that we are aſſured it is a fact:

A young Pariſian, travelling to Amſterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a houſe ſituated near the canal. He addreſſed a Dutchman in French, who ſtood near him in the veſſel, with, 'Pray, Sir, may I aſk, who that houſe belongs to?' The Hollander anſwered him in his own language, '*Ik kan niet verſtaan*,' 'I do not underſtand you.' The Pariſian not doubting but what he was underſtood, took the Dutchman's anſwer for the name of the proprietor. 'Oh! Oh!' ſaid he, 'it belongs to Mr. Kaniferſtane. Well, I am ſure he muſt be very agreeably ſituated; the houſe is moſt charming, and the garden appears delicious. I don't know that ever I ſaw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river at Choiſe; but I certainly give this the preference.' He added many other obſervations of the ſame kind, to which the Dutchman, not underſtanding them, made no reply.

When he arrived at Amſterdam, he ſaw a moſt beautiful woman on the keys, walking arm in arm

with a gentleman; he aſked a perſon that paſſed him, who that charming lady was? but the man, not underſtanding French, replied: '*Ik kan niet verſtaan.*' 'What, Sir,' replied our traveller, 'is that Mr. Kaniferſtane's wife, whoſe houſe is near the canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is enviable; to poſſeſs ſuch a noble houſe, and ſo lovely a companion.'

The next day, when he was walking out, he ſaw ſome trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largeſt prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Pariſian, wiſhing to be informed of the gentleman's name, he was ſtill anſwered; '*Ik kan niet verſtaan.*' 'Oh!' ſaid he, 'this is too great an acceſſion of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferſtane proprietor of ſuch a fine houſe, huſband to ſuch a beautiful woman, and to get the largeſt prize in the lottery! It muſt be allowed that there are ſome very fortunate men in the world.'

About a week after this, our traveller walking about, ſaw a very ſuperb burying. He aſked, whoſe it was? '*Ik kan niet verſtaan,*' replied the perſon of whom he aſked the queſtion. 'Oh! my God,' exclaimed he, 'poor Mr. Kaniferſtane, who had ſuch a noble houſe, ſuch an angelick wife, and the largeſt prize in the lottery. He muſt have quitted this world with great regret; but I thought his happineſs was too complete to be of long duration.' He then went home, reflecting all the way on the inſtability of human affairs.

From among ſome ſingularly happy thoughts of Balthazar Gratian, authour of the *Courtier*, we ſelect the following: He deſcribes his hero as travelling in ſearch of a *true friend*. Among the moſt curious things that attracted his attention, theſe are diſtinguiſhed. A poor judge, with his wife, neither of whom had any fingers on their hands; a great lord, without any debts; a prince, who was never offended

at the truth being told him to his face; a poet, who became rich by the produce of his works; a monarch, who died without any ſuſpicion of having been poiſoned; a humble Spaniard; a ſilent Frenchman; a lively Engliſhman; a German, who diſliked wine; a learned man, recompenſed; a chaſte widow; a madman diſcontented; a ſincere female; and, what was more extraordinary than all theſe ſingularities, he meets a *true friend*.

TURKS.

It has been frequently aſſerted, that the Turks are inimical to the cultivation of literature; it is an aſſertion, however, not ſtrictly correct; as they have many general and particular hiſtories of their country from the reign of the ſultan Oſman down to the preſent date.

There were ſeveral of theſe hiſtories in the library of the late king of France, none of which have ever been tranſlated, except the Annals of Leunclavius.

As a farther proof that the Turks are not totally neglectful of literature, the library of the grand Signor is reckoned as a part of his treaſures. They have alſo many hiſtorians who receive certain ſtipends, and who write, with much care and exactneſs, accounts of the glorious actions and conqueſts of their princes.

Among theſe writers, there was one who abridged their hiſtory; it finiſhes at the capture of Kaminieck, contains many intereſting circumſtances, and ſeveral very curious anecdotes of the ſeraglio.

The Turks have alſo another famous hiſtory among them, entitled '*The Hiſtory of Kings.*' It is written in Perſian verſes, and contains a full account of the of the ancient kings of Perſia. The authour calls himſelf *Ferdous*, who, although of the meaneſt birth,

had ſuch wonderful powers for poetry, that his work was generally read and admired throughout the Levant.

The king of Perſia, in whoſe reign he lived, was ſo delighted with the work, and approved of it ſo highly, that, it is ſaid, he gave the authour a piece of gold for every diſtich. The work conſiſted of ſixty thouſand! And as it was enriched with a great number of plates, each copy was ſold at one hundred crowns.

The art of writing is not, however, general among the Turks; and when a lover wiſhes to communicate his ſentiments in writing, they have a mode of effecting it without pen, ink, or paper: by the means of flowers, fruits, woods, ſilks, ſtuffs, and colours, of which they make a packet, each article having an allegorical ſenſe. The packet is called a *Selam*.

Thoſe who employ this mode of communication, have always a caſket ſtored with the neceſſary articles to compoſe a *Selam*. They have a dictionary which they know by head, of the alluſions they wiſh to give by their flowers, &c.—Thus,

An ambret ſignifies, *we are both of one mind*. A piece of a roſe-buſh—*I weep continually, but you deride my tears*. A piece of cloth—*I am tired with your importunities*. A piece of canvas or buckram—*We ſhall be together to-morrow*. A piece of ſilk—*You have gained my mind*. A looking-glaſs—*I am ready to ſacrifice myſelf for you*. A piſtol—*I love you very much*.

A grain of a raiſin, ſome blue ſilk, a pea, a morſel of ſugar, and a piece of the wood of aloes, arranged in certain order, forms a billet-doux to this effect.

My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occaſions to me, has nearly deprived me of my ſenſes; my heart paſſionately deſires you; give my diſeaſe the neceſſary remedy.

As it is not perhaps generally known why the

ſovereign of the Ottoman empire is called *The Great Turk*, we ſhall here notice the reaſon. It is not as ſome have conceived, to diſtinguiſh him from his ſubjects. Mahomet the Second, was the firſt of theſe emperors on whom the Chriſtians beſtowed the title of '*The Great Turk.*' It was not in conſequence of his noble deeds, that this ſplendid title was beſtowed on him, but from the vaſt extent of his dominions, in compariſon of thoſe of the ſultan of Iconia, or Cappadocia, his cotemporary, who was diſtinguiſhed by the title of '*The Little Turk.*' After the taking of Conſtantinople, Mahomet the Second deprived the latter of his domains; and ſtill preſerved the title of '*The Great Turk,*' though the propriety of it was deſtroyed by this event.

TYRANNY, *FEUDAL.*

The Feudal government introduced a ſpecies of ſervitude, till that time unknown, and which was called The Servitude of the Land. The Bondmen, or Villains, did not reſide in the houſe of their Lord; but depended entirely on his caprice; and he ſold them, as he did the animals, with the field where they lived, and which they cultivated.

It is difficult to conceive with what inſolence the petty lords of thoſe times tyrannized over their Villains; they not only oppreſſed their ſlaves with unremitted labour, inſtigated by a vile cupidity; but their whim and caprice led them to inflict miſeries without even any motive of intereſt.

In Scotland, they had a right to enjoy the firſt-fruits of all the Maidens; and Malcom the Third did not aboliſh this ſhameful right but by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quit-rent.

Dalrymple has attempted to render this circum-

ſtance doubtful; our readers will however recollect, that this hiſtorian is a Scotchman.

Others, to preſerve this privilege, when they could not enjoy it in all its extent, thruſt their leg, booted, into the bed of the new-married couple. Others have compelled their ſubjects to paſs the firſt night at the top of a tree, and there to conſummate their marriage; to paſs the bridal hours in a river; to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace ſome furrows as they were dragged; or to leap, with their feet tied, over the horns of ſtags.

Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their caſtle, and plunge into a ditch of mud; and ſometimes they were compelled to beat the waters of the ponds, to hinder the frogs from diſturbing the lord!

There was a time when the German lords reckoned, amongſt their privileges, that of robbing on the highways of their territory!

We beg leave to remind the reader of the ſhameful behaviour of Geoffrey, Lord of Coventry, who compelled his wife to ride naked, on a white pad, through the ſtreets of the town; that by this mode, he might reſtore to the inhabitants thoſe privileges of which his wantonneſs had deprived them.

When the abbot of Figeac makes his entry into that town, the lord of Montbrun, dreſſed in a Harlequin's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled, by an ancient cuſtom, to conduct him to the door of his abbey, leading his horſe by the bridle.

The Feudal Barons frequently aſſociated, to ſhare amongſt them thoſe children of their Villains who appeared to be the moſt healthy and ſerviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and, not infrequently, ſold them in their markets, as they did their beaſts.

The Feudal Servitude is not, even in the preſent enlightened times, entirely aboliſhed in Poland, in

Germany, and in Ruſſia. In thoſe countries, the Bondmen are ſtill entirely dependent on the caprice of their maſters. The peaſants of Hungary, or Bohemia, frequently revolt, and attempt to ſhake off the preſſure of Feudal tyranny; and it is ardently to be wiſhed that their wretched ſervitude ſhould in ſome meaſure be ſoftened.

It is ſcarce thirty years paſt, when a lord or prince of the Northern Countries, paſſing through one of his villages, obſerved a little aſſembly of peaſants and their families amuſing themſelves with dancing. He commanded his domeſtics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houſes. He ordered that the coats of the women might be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. He then permitted the men to be liberated, and inflicted a ſevere caſtigation on all thoſe who did not recognize their wives in that ſtate!

Unlimited power extinguiſhes every ſentiment of juſtice and humanity; and Nobles, accuſtomed to command their Bondmen, will treat their domeſtics as ſlaves. Thoſe of Siberia puniſh theirs by an abundant uſe of the cudgel or rod. The Abbé Chappe ſaw two Ruſſian ſlaves undreſs a chambermaid, who had, by ſome trifling negligence, given offence to her miſtreſs: after having uncovered as far as her waiſt, one placed her head betwixt his knees; the other held her by the feet: while both, armed with two ſharp rods, violently laſhed her back, till it pleaſed the tyrant of the houſe to decree *it was enough!*

'I cannot,' ſays the ingenious George Dyer (in his work entitled, 'The Complaints of the Poor People of England') 'forbear noticing ſome remains of that barbarous ſyſtem, called Feudal, which though its ſeverity is ſomewhat abated in modern times, has ſtill left behind it many inſtances of oppreſſion in Britain. The effects of this ſyſtem in Roman Ca-

tholick countries, are cruel and impious. Great families are divided—the younger branches of them turned into beggars—and *religious* houſes filled with praying nuns, and dreaming monks.'

'I have not words,' continues this amiable writer, 'to expreſs my horrour at this cruel policy. In England, the law of primogeniture makes the younger branches of rich families poor; throws them as penſioners on the publick purſe; forms them into creatures and tools of factions; or makes them fly for ſhelter into the navy, the army, the law-courts, and the church; men, perhaps, without courage, without experience, without knowledge, without piety. To ſee a family compoſed, ſuppoſe of twelve children, living at the ſame table, formed into the ſame habits, and accuſtomed to the ſame connections, and then dividing, in future life, the one perhaps on an eſtate of twelve thouſand pounds a year, the reſt on a few hundreds, is offering violence to nature. To females, towards whom the preſent cuſtoms of ſociety are on other accounts peculiarly unfavourable, to whom, therefore, parental regards ought at leaſt to have ſhown impartiality; to females, I ſay, the law of primogeniture is peculiarly unfavourable. To this unnatural law, are to be traced the proſtitution of many young women of good birth, and the unſuitable connections which they form, merely to procure a maintenance. If Mr. Paine had never written any thing, but a few affecting pages on this ſubject, he would have left impreſſions of reſpect on my heart, which no proſecutions will ever be able to obliterate.

'Though the great outlines of feudal vaſſalage were ſome of them removed, about a century ago, in England, many of them, I repeat, ſtill remain. Theſe prevent the improvement of land, which is beſt promoted on ſmall eſtates, where proprietors cultivate the land, not for a lord, but for themſelves. *Seigneral*

rights are yet attached to almoſt every current of water—to mill ſtreams—fiſh-ponds—and foreſts;—they are to be ſeen in the diſtribution of villages and farms; each of which has ſome ſeignoral impoſitions and claims between great and little lords. Theſe *rights*, as they are called, of lords of manors and great landholders, the remains of ancient vaſſalage, prove wrongs to the poor, they are to be reckoned among the circumſtances that ſpread poverty among the lower ranks of people in the country; and ſince encloſures have prevailed, the great farmers and landholders ſwallow up the leſs: hence the ſmall farmer becomes a labourer; and hence the deſerted village.' The ſad effects of this practice is thus deſcribed by Goldſmith, in his Poem of that name:

'Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade,
A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, is ne'er to be ſupply'd.'

VALOUR.

The rapidity and eaſe with which the firſt conquerors of America obtained victories, would make us believe that the timid inhabitants of that region were only wandering ſocieties, and flew before the fierce Europeans. Yet what man ever ſhowed more valour than an iſlander of St. Domingo, of whom the hiſtory of that iſland gives this account?

In the year 1502, when the Spaniards were endeavouring to eſtabliſh themſelves in St. Domingo, two Spaniſh gentlemen, one named Valdenebro, and the other Pontevreda, obſerved an Indian at a diſtance. Valdenebro quitting his comrade, ran towards the iſlander with uplifted lance. The Indian, to ſave

himself, shot an arrow on the Spaniard; it missed, and at the same instant received the lance in his body. The Indian immediately drew it out, and seizing the bridle of his enemy's horse, with an intent to pierce it, the Spaniard buried his sword in the Indian's body; this also he took out, as he had done the lance, and though the Castilian held the handle, he made him quit it.

Valdenebro then took his dagger, and plunged it it into the Indian's breast; this he also freed himself from with as much facility as he had from the sword and lance. Pontevreda, who saw his companion disarmed and in danger, galloped to his assistance. The Indian received him firmly, although streaming with blood from three large wounds which he had received from Valdenebro. Pontevreda gave him three others in the same manner, and with the same success; and the two gentlemen found themselves disarmed and put to flight by one of those men whom they thought inferior to their dogs. A few minutes afterwards, the Indian expired.

We can in this instance not only say, that no warriour ever died more gloriously with his arms in his hands; but it was an event that perhaps has no parallel in history, to see the victorious seek their safety by flight, and the vanquished with all the marks of victory.

VENICE.

It is generally known, that the Doge of Venice, accompanied by the senatours, and in the greatest pomp, marries the sea every year.

Those who are not acquainted with the wisdom of the Venetian laws, and only judge of institutions by their appearance, think this ceremony a most indecent and extravagant vanity; they imagine that the

Venetians only ſolemnize this fête, becauſe they believe themſelves to be maſters of the ſea.

The marriage of the doge with the ſea is performed with the moſt noble intentions. The ſea is the ſymbol of the republick: he marries one, without the power of poſſeſſing it; he is at the head of the other, without having a right to the ſovereign power.

He is the firſt magiſtrate, but he is not the maſter, nor do they wiſh that he ſhould become ſo; and they place, among other barriers to his domination, a cuſtom, which reminds him that he has no more authority over the republick, that he governs with the ſenate, than over the ſea, notwithſtanding the marriage he is obliged to celebrate with her.

In giving this explanation to the cuſtom, there is no vanity, or motives of pride. The doge commits no indecency, by following a law which ſhows him the limits of his power, and the nature of his obligations.

VERSE.

WHETHER poetical geniuſes only can decide on poetical compoſitions, we will not attempt to determine. We know, however, that men who have evinced great learning and ingenuity in their proſaick writings, have falſely criticized ſome of the moſt delightful productions of this divine art. Perhaps they did not well conſider the very eſſential difference there is between verſe and proſe, and which the erudite Huet thus deſcribes:

'Amongſt the differences which diſtinguiſh verſe from proſe, I perceive one which is not ſufficiently obſerved, or obſerved too ſuperficially and generally, rather than clearly and minutely; which ſometimes ſeems forgotten, but which appears to me notwithſtanding eſſential. It is, that VERSE is ſubjected

to very narrow limits for its meaſure, numbers, quantity and rhime; but it is very free for its thoughts, expreſſions, and figures. Poets are permitted unlimited freedoms, which are called poetical licences and daring turns; theſe are even required as neceſſary ornaments. PROSE, on the contrary, has entire liberty in what regards the arrangement of words, nor is it ſervilely ſubjected to the judgment of the ear; but its thoughts and figures are ſubmitted to the ſtricteſt rule; and although its ſtyle is not meaſured, it muſt however be numerous and chaſte, and diſplay marks of that order and arrangement which muſt clearly reflect the mind.

VICAR OF BRAY.

THIS reverend ſon of the church was a Sixtus the Fifth in his principles. His pious verſatility is probably not ſo well known to our readers as his name.

The Vicar of Bray, in Berkſhire, was a Catholick during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Proteſtant in that of Edward the Sixth. When Queen Mary came to the throne, he reſumed the Catholick faith, and on the acceſſion of Elizabeth, he again renounced it for Proteſtantiſm. When this *ſteady* believer was reproached with being a ſcandal to the gown, he replied, 'I cannot help that: but, if I changed my religion, I am ſure I kept true to my principle, which is, to live and die Vicar of Bray.'

VIRGINITY.

WHAT ſhould we ſay at this period of a woman near death, who ſhould lament dying without loſing

her virginity? 'Let me,' ſaid Jeptha's daughter to her father, when he informed her of his vow to ſacrifice her, 'let me go up to the mountains and weep my virginity for two months.' At the end of this time ſhe returned, and her father fulfilled his vow. It may be here remarked, that the Jews conſider it as a great ſtigma for either ſex to die unmarried, if the parties have attained the proper age.

In the literary Hiſtory of France, the writings of the fathers (works now ſcarcely known even by their titles) are critically noticed, and extracts given. From theſe we learn, St. Ambroſe wrote three books on VIRGINITY. They were produced in the fourth century, and his exhortations made a lively impreſſion on the minds and hearts of the girls, not only in Milan, where he reſided, but in the moſt diſtant provinces.

He alſo informs us, that the virgins of Bologna amounted to the number of *twenty!* He ſays, that they performed all kinds of needle-work, not merely to gain their livelihood, but alſo to be enabled to perform acts of liberality, and that they employed great zeal and ſingular induſtry to entice other girls to join the holy profeſſion of VIRGINITY. He exhorts daughters, in ſpite of their parents, and even their lovers, to conſecrate themſelves. 'I do not blame marriage,' he ſays, 'I only ſhow the advantages of VIRGINITY.'

He compoſed this book in ſo florid a ſtyle, that he conſidered it to require ſome apology. A Religious, of the Benedictines, publiſhed a tranſlation of this work, in the year 1689.

So ſenſible was St. Ambroſe of the *rarity* of the profeſſion he would eſtabliſh, that he thus combats his adverſaries: 'They complain that human nature will be exhauſted; but I aſk who has ever ſought to marry, without finding women enough from amongſt whom he might chuſe? What murder, or what

war, has ever been occaſioned for a virgin? It is one of the conſequences of marriage to kill the adulterer, and to war with the raviſher.'

He wrote other treatiſes on VIRGINITY; one is called '*Of the perpetual Virginity of the Mother of God.*' He attacks Bonoſius on this ſubject, and defends the virginity, which was indeed greatly ſuſpected by Bonoſius, who, however, acquired nothing by this bold ſuſpicion but the dreadful name of *Heretick*. A third treatiſe was entitled, '*Exhortation to Virginity*;' a fourth, '*On the Fate of a Virgin*,' is more curious. He relates the misfortunes of one *Suſannah*, who by no means reſembled her nameſake; for having made a vow of virginity, and taken the veil, ſhe indulged afterwards in illicit gratifications, which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, but the precaution was in vain; it only tended to render her more culpable. Her behaviour indeed had long afforded ample food for the ſarcaſms of the Jews and Pagans. St. Ambroſe compelled her to perform publick penance, and, after having declaimed on her double crime, gave her hopes of pardon, if, like '*Sœur Jeanne*,' ſhe would ſincerely repent; and to complete her chaſtiſement, he ordered her every day to recite the fiftieth pſalm!

Varillas, the hiſtorian, ſays, the Prior of one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed monaſteries in France, frequently entreated him to examine a work of one of his monks, and to give him his opinion on it. Varillas, after much ſolicitation, conſented. The day was fixed,—when, to his aſtoniſhment, ſeven large folio volumes were preſented for his inſpection. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed, our critick was rather diſheartened; but his ſurprize was by far greater, when on opening the firſt volume, he found it entitled, *Summa Dei-paræ*. Like St. Thomas, who had formed a *Sum* or Syſtem of Theology, ſo our monk had made a *Sum* of the *Virgin*. Varillas inſtantly perceived

the design of the holy recluse, who said, he had employed thirty years on the work, and had discussed *three thousand* questions on the Virgin, not a single one of which, he exultingly asserted, had ever been conceived by any one but himself!

Though we do not imagine such a work would ever be sought for, it may be necessary to add, it was never printed. Varillas advised the prior to amuse the industrious old monk with promises of publication, but never to do it, and, after his death, to commit the volumes to the flames.

Another visionary monk indulged himself in composing a work equally extravagant in its design, and highly obscene. It was published in Paris, in 1668. Its title was, *Devote Salutation des Membres Sacrés du Corps de la Glorieuse Vierge, Mère de Dieu*; or, A Devout Salutation of the Sacred Members of the Glorious Virgin, the Mother of God. From the '*Journal des Sçavans*,' we copy the following specimens of these *Salutations*:

Salutation to the Hair.

I salute you, charming hair of Mary! Rays of the mystical Sun! Lines of the centre of circumference of all created perfection! Veins of gold of the mine of love! Chains of the prison of God! Roots of the tree of life! Rivulets of the fountain of Paradise! Strings of the bow of charity! Nets that caught Jesus, and shall be used in the hunting-day of souls!

Salutation to the Ears.

I salute ye, intelligent ears of Mary! Ye presidents of the princess of the poor! Tribunal for their petitions! Salvation at the audience of the miserable! University of all divine wisdom! Receivers general of all wards! Ye are pierced with the rings of our chains; ye are impearled with our necessities!

We ſhall cloſe this article with Valois' obſervations on this eccentrick publication. 'What would Innocent XI have done, after having aboliſhed the ſhameful office of the Conception, Indulgences, &c. if he had ſeen a volume, in which the impertinent devotion of that viſionary monk cauſed to be printed, with permiſſion of his ſuperiors, Meditations on all Parts of the Holy Virgin. Religion, decency, and good ſenſe, are they not alike wounded by ſuch an extravagance?'

VOLUPTUARY.

To form a complete voluptuary, a firm unprejudiced mind, and a ſound body, are requiſite, becauſe they make him fond of life. Enamoured with nature, he admires her various beauties, ſetting a proper value on each. His heart is never infected by the poiſon of diſguſt or lothing.

Superior to fortune and her capriciouſneſs, he is every thing to himſelf, nor knows any ambition but that of being happy. A true ſcholar of Epicurus, thunder cannot alarm, nor death affright him.

Although the trees loſe their verdure and their leaves, he ſtill preſerves his paſſion. When rivers are chained with ice, and the earth deep frozen, there is a ſummer warmth within his heart.

Is he with his Delia?—Winds, rains, wintry ſtorms, warring elements, inſtead of marring, heighten the joys of our modern Tibullus. If the ſurface of the ſea be calm and unruffled, he looks on it as an emblem of that peace, which ſhould ever ſubſiſt between them. But if outrageous hurricanes cauſe wild commotions there, and

The yeſty billows ſwallow navigation up,

the frightful billows cannot diſturb him, while Delia continues kind.

He makes every object concur to his happineſs; the ſpring's gay livery delights him, its colour is ſo friendly and gentle to the eye. The riſing and ſetting ſun he views with admiration, and their varied decorations, inimitable by the painter's art, however excellent.

With leſs wonder, but more delight, he enjoys the moon's ſilver light, to grateful travellers a kind ſubſtitute for the bright orb that rules the day. He ſmiles to the ſtars that brilliantly ſparkle from the azure vault.

If his days be happy, happier ſtill are thoſe bliſsful nights, which have ſo many peculiar advantages. They inſpire pleaſing reveries, and invite to walk by the twilight in the grove. Is Delia there?—He aſks no more, ſhe is the univerſe to him.

WAR.

THAT the art of war in this country was not ſo well underſtood a few centuries back, as at the preſent period, we have evident proof from Froiſſart's Account of Edward the Third's Expedition againſt the Scots, ſoon after he came to the crown.

Although in their own country, and at a very moderate diſtance from Carliſle and Newcaſtle, yet 'Three dayes and three nightis, they' (the whole Engliſh army) 'were, in manner, without brede, wyne, candel, or lyght, foder or forage, or any manner of purveyance.' To complete the confuſion of the ſcene, the king was obliged to offer to whomſoever would bring him word in what place the Scots were, 'A hundred pounds lande to hym and to his heires for ever, and to be made a knyght of the kyngis hande.'

To the enthuſiaſm which war enkindles, may be attributed its ſingular laws and cuſtoms. We here preſent ſome of the moſt extraordinary.

They frequently condemned at Carthage their generals to die, after an unfortunate campaign, although they were accuſed of no other fault. We read in Du Halde, that captain Mancheou, a Chineſe, was convicted of giving battle, without obtaining a complete victory, and he was puniſhed.—With ſuch a perſpective at the concluſion of a battle, generals will become intrepid, and exert themſelves as much as poſſible, and this is all that is wanted.

When the ſavages of New France take flight, they pile the wounded in baſkets, where they are bound and corded down, as we do children in ſwaddling cloaths.—If they ſhould happen to fall into the hands of the conquerours, they would expire in the midſt of torments. It is better, therefore, that the vanquiſhed ſhould carry them away, in any manner, though frequently even at the riſk of their lives.

The Spartans were not allowed to combat often with the ſame enemy. They wiſhed not to inure them to battle; and if their enemies revolted frequently, they were accuſtomed to exterminate them.

The governors of the Scythian provinces gave annually a feaſt to thoſe who had valiantly, with their own hands, diſpatched their enemies. The ſkulls of the vanquiſhed ſerved for their cups; and the quantity of wine they were allowed to drink, was proportioned to the number of ſkulls they poſſeſſed. The youth who could not yet boaſt of ſuch martial exploits, contemplated diſtantly the ſolemn feaſt, without being admitted to approach it. This inſtitution formed courageous warriors.

When men attempt to aſſimilate principles with laws which are abſolutely irreconcilable, they generally fall into unpardonable contradictions.

The Jews ſuffered themſelves to be attacked, with-

out defending themſelves, on the ſabbath-day, and the Romans profited by theſe pious ſcruples. The council of Trent ordered the body of the conſtable of Bourbon, who had fought againſt the pope, to be dug up, as if the head of the church was not as much ſubjected to war as others, ſince he is a temporal prince.

Pope Nicholas, in his anſwer to the Bulgarians, forbids them to make war in Lent, unleſs there be an urgent neceſſity.

Among the many ſtratagems which have at various times been employed to ſubdue an enemy, perhaps the following, from the *Memoires de St. Phillipe*, is the moſt horrid and deteſtable that ever diſgraced humanity:

The Portugueze, who ſupported the pretenſions of the Arch-duke Charles to the throne of Spain, had, by the ſucceſs of arms, in 1706, penetrated as far as Madrid. The courtezans of this city determined to deſtroy the Portugueze army; to effect which, thoſe whoſe bodies were in the moſt envenomed ſtate, perfumed and painted themſelves, went by night to the Portugueze troops and ſlept with them in their tents; the conſequence of which was, that in leſs than three weeks, ſix thouſand Portugueze periſhed with diſeaſe! Miſtaken patriotiſm!

WAX-WORK.

THERE have been many curious productions of this kind exhibited in London. Menage, however, deſcribes one far ſuperior to any of them, and which muſt have appeared a little miracle. In the year 1675, the duke de Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the ſize of a moderate table. On the door was inſcribed—'THE CHAMBER OF WIT.' The inſide diſplayed an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm

chair was ſeated a figure of the duke, compoſed of wax, of the moſt inimitable reſemblance. On one ſide ſtood the duke de la Rochefoucault, to whom he preſented a paper of verſes for examination. M. de Marcillac, and Boſſuet, biſhop of Meaux was ſtanding near the arm chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges, and Madame de la Fayette, ſat retired, reading a book. Boileau, the ſatiriſt, ſtood at the door of the gallery, endeavouring to prevent ſeven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau, ſtood Racine, who ſeemed to beckon to la Fontaine to come forward. All theſe figures were formed of wax, and all exquiſite imitations.

WEDNESDAY, *ASH.*

Among various nations, aſhes were formerly employed as a mark of grief and repentance. The Hebrews covered their heads with aſhes in time of publick calamity. The inhabitants of Nineveh expiated their crimes by the uſe of ſackcloth and aſhes. In the primitive church, the biſhop marked the ſinner's forehead with aſhes, at the beginning of his penitence; and from thence is derived the cuſtom (ordered by the council of Benevento in the year 1091) of going to receive the aſhes on the Wedneſday preceding Lent.

Menage ſays, he believes he was the firſt who diſcovered theſe verſes in Virgil to be applicable to Aſh-wedneſday:

> Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcent.
> Georg. I. 4. v. 86, 87.

The editor of the *Menagiana* tells us, that he heard a capuchin preach on Aſh-wedneſday at Dijon, who very ſeriouſly quoted theſe verſes from Virgil,

and applied them to the ceremony that takes place at the church on that day, ſaying, that the idea of our being duſt, and that we ſhall return to duſt, ought to allay all the irregular movements of the ſoul, and the conteſts of the fleſh againſt the ſpirit.

The moſt curious obſervation on Aſh-wedneſday, was that made by a Turk, who, on his r turn from France, told the grand ſeignior, that on certain days of the year (he meant the carnival) the French went mad, and that a little of a certain powder, applied to their foreheads, brought them to their ſenſes again.

WIVES, *of Literary Men.*

The lively d'Argonne remarks, that the generality of ladies married to literary men, are ſo vain of the abilities and merit of their huſbands, that they are frequently unſufferable. He illuſtrates this obſervation by the ſubſequent anecdotes.

The wife of Barclay, authour of the Argenis, conſidered herſelf as the wife of a demi-god. This appeared glaringly after his death; for cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor, next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was ſo irritated at this, that ſhe demoliſhed the monument, brought home his buſt, and declared that the aſhes of ſo great a genius as her huſband ſhould never be placed ſo near ſo villainous a pedagogue.

Salmaſius's wife was a termagant; and Chriſtina ſaid ſhe admired his patience more than his erudition, ſince he was married to ſuch a ſhrew. Mrs. Salmaſius indeed conſidered herſelf as the queen of ſcience, becauſe her huſband was acknowledged as ſovereign among the criticks. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences, which he held in his ſtudy. She ſpoke loud, and decided with a tone of majeſty. Salmaſius was as mild in converſation as

he was the reverſe in his writings. Our proud Xantippe conſidered him as acting beneath himſelf if he did not ſcatter plentifully his abuſe, and call every one names.

The wife of Rohault, when her huſband gave lectures on the Philoſophy of Deſcartes, uſed to ſeat herſelf on theſe days at the door, and refuſed admittance to every one ſhabbily dreſſed, or who did not diſcover a genteel air. So convinced was ſhe that to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her huſband, it was proper to appear faſhionable. In vain our good lecturer conſumed himſelf in telling her that Fortune does not always give fine cloaths to philoſophers.

Happy, thrice happy, muſt be the man of letters, whoſe wife has a mind cultivated and diſpoſed to participate in his literary purſuits. Such a woman alſo would fully enjoy the truly refined pleaſures of matrimonial intercourſe. But where vanity and not taſte impels females to unite themſelves to ſcholars, happineſs is not to be expected. Glover's wife, while he was tranſlating Leonidas, revenged herſelf for his inattentions.

WRITING.

From the Literary Hiſtory of France, we extract the followinng curious particulars:

The moſt ancient mode of writing was on *cinders*, on *brick*, and on *tables of ſtone*; afterwards, on *plates* of various materials, on *ivory*, and ſimilar articles.

In the book of Job, mention is made of the cuſtom of writing on *ſtone*, and on ſheets of *lead*. It was on tables of *ſtone* that Moſes received the laws written by the finger of God himſelf. The Gauls, in the time of Cæſar, wrote on *tables*, but of what they were compoſed is not known. This manner of writing we ſtill retain, in reſpect to inſcriptions, epi-

taphs, and ſuch memorials as we are deſirous ſhould reach poſterity.

Theſe early inventions led to the diſcovery of tablets of *wood*; and as *cedar* is incorruptible becauſe of its bitterneſs, they choſe this wood for their moſt important writings. From this cuſtom ariſes the celebrated expreſſion of the ancients, when they meant to give the higheſt eulogium of an excellent work, *et cedro digna locuti*; that it was worthy to be written on *cedar*.

A writer in the Britiſh Critick, has however obſerved, this meant *oil of cedar*; with which valuable MSS. of parchment were anointed, to preſerve them from corruption. And this Brewſter illuſtrates:

> 'When ſuch his labours, ſuch his ſacred page,
> As *cedar's juice* ſhould vindicate from age.'

Theſe *tablets* were made of the *trunks of trees*; the uſe of them ſtill exiſts, but in general they are made of other materials than wood. The ſame reaſon which led to prefer the *cedar* to other trees induced to write on *wax*, which is incorruptible from its nature. Men generally uſed it to write their teſtaments, in order the better to preſerve them. Thus Juvenal ſays, *Ceras implere capaces*. This thin paſte of wax was alſo uſed on tablets of wood, that it might more eaſily admit of eraſure.

St. Iſidore, of Seville, teſtifies, that the Greeks and Tuſcans were the firſt who uſed wax to write on. They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other ſubſtances we have noticed. But the Romans having forbidden the uſe of this inſtrument, they ſubſtituted a *ſtylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal: ſo that their writings reſembled engravings. They alſo employed *reeds* cut in the forms of *pens*.

Naudé obſerves, that when he was in Italy (about 1642) he ſaw ſome of thoſe waxen tablets called Pu-

gillares, and others compoſed of the barks of trees, which the ancients employed in lieu of paper; which, he obſerves, was not then in uſe, for paper is compoſed of *linen*, and linen was not then known. *Hemp*, which is an herb, he adds, was known, but not uſed. Rabelais, who wrote about 1540, at the end of his third book, mentions it as *a new herb*, which had only been in uſe about a century; and in fact, in the reign of Charles VII (1470) *linen* made of hemp was ſo ſcarce, that it is ſaid none but the queen was in poſſeſſion of *two ſhifts!*

In the progreſs of time, the art of writing conſiſted in *painting* with different kinds of *ink*. This novel mode of writing occaſioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing. They now choſe the thin *peels* of certain *trees*, *plants*, and even the *ſkins of animals*, which were prepared for this purpoſe. The firſt place where they began to prepare theſe ſkins was *Pergamos*, in Aſia. This is the origin of the Latin name from whence we have derived that of *parchment*. Theſe ſkins are, however, better known amongſt the authours of the pureſt Latin, under the name of *membrana*. They were ſo called, becauſe of the membranes of animals, of which they were compoſed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was diſliked, becauſe it was more ſubject to be ſoiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and ſilver on purple parchment. This cuſtom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangeliſts of this kind; of which ſpecimens are preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum.

The Egyptians, on their ſide, employed for writing the *bark* of a *plant* or *reed*, called *papyrus*. Formerly, there grew great quantities of it on the ſides of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to

our *paper*, although it is compoſed of linen or rags. The *Chineſe* make their *paper* with *ſilk*. The uſe of *paper* is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latiniſts call *charta* or *chartæ*. The honour of this invention is due to the town of Memphis, in Egypt. Before the uſe of *parchment* and *paper* paſſed to the Romans, they contrived to uſe the thin peel which was found on trees, between the wood of theſe trees and their bark. This ſecond ſkin, they called *liber*, from whence the Latin word *liber* a book, and we have derived the names of *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French their *livre* for book. Anciently, inſtead of folding this bark, this parchment and paper, as we fold our's, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave theſe rolls, is paſſed into our languages, as well as the others. We ſay a *volume* or volumes, although our books are compoſed of pages cut, and bound together.

The ancients were ſtill more curious than ourſelves in having their books richly conditioned. Beſides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they were ſolicitous to enrich with precious ſtones the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church, they painted on the outſide commonly a dying Chriſt.

The following additional information, taken from Caſley's catalogue of the MSS. in the king's library, is not leſs curious.

'Varro ſays, that palm leaves (or mallow leaves) were at firſt uſed for writing on; from whence the word began and continued to ſignify *the leaf* of a *book*, as well as of a tree or plant.

'That the ancients wrote or engraved on *braſs*, is manifeſt from ſeveral inſtances: the laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments, were kept in the capitol, engraved on braſs. The Romans and La-

cedemonians wrote to the Jews in tables of braſs. There is a ſmall fragment of writing on *bark*, near one thouſand years old, in the Cottonian library; and there are ſtill remaining a few old books in libraries abroad, ſaid to be written on the Egyptian papyrus.

'The art of making *paper* of cotton, was diſcovered in the eleventh century: the invention of making paper of linen rags, could not be long after.' This obſervation differs from Naudé.

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THE END.